UNDER WHICH KING?

A Novel.

BY

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UNDER WHICH KING?

CHAPTER I.

THE 3RD OF SEPTEMBER, 1687.

"WELL, Master Elijah Brown, what thinkest thou of the times?"

"The times are in the Lord's hand, young man," replied the person addressed.

"Verily, it may be so; it doubtless is; but there is little of the Lord's hand visible of late."

"Speak not with light and heedless tongue of the Lord's hand, Jasper Harrington. It will be seen one of these days; ay, speedily; to the confusion of Babylon's hosts, and the salvation of the chosen people."

"Thou ever talkest so, Master Brown, but thou canst not make others think so. There is

not another Oliver in the store-house, I'm thinking."

"Hush, Jasper Harrington! He died on this day. Bethink thee that this is the 3rd day of September."

"Nay, I mean no slight to your Lord Protector, now nine-and-twenty years dead, Master Brown. I but wish that we were back in his time, or that he were forward in ours."

"Right enough, Jasper Harrington; right enough. This Dick Talbot—it is not I that shall call him Lord Tyrconnel—would not have dared to treat the army as he has done, the Papish rogue that he is!"

"And I would not have been sent home, here, in disgrace, Master Brown, and my commission given to one of this Talbot's Papishers," said the young man, the red flush of angry blood mounting up to his temples, and his clenched fist coming down on the plain table that stood in the centre of Master Elijah Brown's little room.

And then he went out, and walked up and down, opposite the door; his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

He heeded not the twitter of the swallows that were chasing the flies, under the large plane tree, at the gable; nor the chirping of the sparrows, quarrelling over some scattered ears of wheat lying beneath the window.

At which window old Elijah Brown was standing, contemplating Jasper's movements with fixed and attentive eye.

So it seemed, at least; though, if the truth were known, perhaps Jasper Harrington was not then in his thoughts at all. Perhaps they were away to that day, at Whitehall, when "his most serene and renowned Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector," after fourteen days' sickness, at three in the afternoon, passed the gate of death.

For an old soldier of this Oliver was Master Elijah Brown.

He had come over with him to Ireland, in the good ship *John*, and had witnessed the demonstrations of joy with which his arrival in Dublin was hailed on that 15th August, 1649. He had heard the shout of delivered Protestants on that day—"We will live and die with you." Dying had been very much the fashion of late years with poor Irish Protestants; but

Oliver had come as Lord-Lieutenant to try and put an end to that state of things.

He still held to his idea that this Oliver was a just and true man; much maligned, and grievously slandered by the Popish and Stuart faction; but still honest, and even considerate towards the very Papists themselves.

In proof of this, he had preserved an old copy of Oliver's first proclamation, or "Declaration," as it was called, which began thus:—

"Whereas I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies, heretofore, or of parties from garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the soldiers to abuse, rob, and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the country people: being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future, I do hereby warn and require all officers, soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth to forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and not to do any wrong or violence toward country people, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the enemy; and not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order."

Master Elijah Brown had heard, from men and women who had suffered cruelly, the deeds of Irish Papists in 1641. Just before going with Oliver to the siege of Tredah (or Drogheda), great talk had been among the soldiery of that time. Elijah had learned that the principal Popish ecclesiastics had met early in October in the Abbey of Multifernam, in Westmeath. He had been informed how, in this old Franciscan abbey, the death of the English Protestants was decided on by the said ecclesiastics.

And all the rest of the story followed.

Death by burning, death by stabbing, death by hunger, death by cold and nakedness. Women cut and hacked at barbarously, in too brutal and cruel a way to be told in later days. Children, if let live at all, fainting and dying under hedges and walls, in ghastliness of fear and famine. And the sum of all, a hundred thousand Protestants, probably, done to death.

Not much did it make Elijah Brown love the Stuarts, that all this was done in the name of King Charles; not much did it tend to make him favour the priesthood, that in all

this the priesthood led the way, following their Archbishop of Armagh.

If any man referred to the taking of Tredah and Wexford, as proof that Cromwell was other than just and true, Elijah Brown would ask, "What more could the Lord-Lieutenant have done than offer them mercy?" And then he would add, solemnly, "But it was of the Lord to harden their hearts, that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favour, but that he might destroy them."

And as, every year, the 3rd of September returned, he hallowed in his memory Oliver's death-day. And at quiet moments his thoughts would return to the time when "the great Protector and Patron of the Evangelical Profession" lay, in Whitehall, dead.

So, in truth, Jasper Harrington was not in his thoughts as he appeared to be watching him from the window.

Nor was he aware, till Jasper touched his arm, that the young man had returned to the house.

"I tell thee, Master Elijah, the Protestants

will suffer one of these days at the hands of this Tyrconnel."

"And the bloody-minded Stuart, his master," added Brown.

"A nice way they are going on in England! Thou hast heard of the famous French Protestant minister, Claude. Well, thou must know he writ a book concerning the horrid massacres and barbarous proceedings of the French king against his Protestant subjects. I happened to be over in London, Master Elijah Brown, last May year, and passing the Exchange, when, after proclamation made, that pious man's book was burned by the hands of the common hangman."

"By the king's order?"

"Doubtless."

"Well, Jasper Harrington, see what the Restoration has done for thee."

Jasper was silent. He and old Brown used to have some arguments on this score. Jasper was a loyalist, and in the army, and naturally took the side of the King.

But Jasper had now been deprived of his commission. The army of seven thousand Irish Protestants had been disbanded, and their

places supplied by myrmidons of Tyrconnel. May not Jasper be pardoned if he felt a little less loyal to King James than heretofore?

At last he said,—

"Why, I couldn't turn Papist, you see, like your John Milton's brother, or I might have done well enough."

"Speak not of it, Jasper. My heart is sore to think that the brother of one who was worthy of great honour should seek the favour of kings by joining the idolatries of the Mass."

"I suppose it will be traitorous, in a while, to talk against the Mass?" said Jasper; "so have a care, Master Brown! Good clergy have been silenced for saying some hard things against the Papistry, in the churches, already."

The old man looked at Jasper rather sternly, it may be, as he took his hand preparatory to departing.

"And thinkest thou, Jasper Harrington," he said, "that Elijah Brown, an old soldier of the Lord's host, would cease to talk against the Mass, because it misliked a Stuart? For shame, Jasper; for shame."

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE ANNIE.

"WHERE's Jasper? Is he away?"

Master Elijah Brown looked, silently, at the questioner.

Her eager face was upturned towards his. Her light blue eyes, after searching the room in every corner, rested, with impatient glance, on the somewhat stern face of her grandfather.

She looked flushed and warm, and her hair, thrown back over her shoulders, showed plainly that she had been hurrying on to the cottage, with the wind, if not the tide, against her.

She had come in with a smile on that eager face of hers; a smile of intended welcome for some one.

The smile died away on the eager face, but the eyes still looked up. It might be, however, that there was a little tremor in the

voice, and a slight quiver of the lip, as she asked, for the second time,—

"Where's Jasper, grandfather?"

"Gone!" replied the old man, still looking at her.

Annie Wharton dropped her eyes to the ground, and then turned away.

Here was Jasper gone, after all her hurried race to meet him; and there seemed to have been some hot talk between her grandfather and him, too.

What was she to do?

Poor little maiden of sixteen, with such weighty cares and troubles upon her shoulders!

What she did was to breathe out a long and deep sigh, and to gaze, in dreamy fashion, out of the little window.

Her pet blackbird in its wicker cage was plaintively chanting to the setting sun; and the gilding rays of the evening were setting alight the plane leaves, changing somewhat now in the early autumn.

There was a breeze among the leaves, and little dancing sparkles of golden light dropped down, around the bird and the song. And the evening light and the evening song enticed the

little maiden from the window; and she went out, with her basket-chair, to sit under the tree, and dream and sigh.

Poor little maiden! Well for thee that some of thy strong-minded sisters were not at hand, to administer to thee severe and wise-like rebukes for that most absurd and childish silliness of thine!

At this time of day, there are those of the sisterhood who would come under the plane-tree, where the blackbird has not ceased its singing, and stop thy sighing with a box on the ear!

And it was stopped, in even a stranger fashion. For there came a low, laughing chuckle into the maiden's ear, as a hand was heavily laid upon her shoulder.

And, after the chuckle, there came a queer sort of mumbling voice, that it would have pained any one to listen to.

It had a wail of woe in it; an echo of some far-off misery, that kept repeating itself, ever, down years, and years, and years.

It had an autumnal sound in it; like dead leaves falling upon the grave of a little child.

And, as it fell upon Annie's ear, it made her

start and shiver, as if she had been touched with the tips of Death's icy fingers.

She dared not go in; dared not even move from her seat; and was afraid to look round at the thing weirdly whispering behind her.

Down over her shoulders fell its long, white, dishevelled hair, and closer and closer came its breath: as, touching the young girl's face, a head of something came and said, in a sort of whispering scream,—

"I saw them in hell."

And that was the last little Annie heard that night.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE GILBERTS.

THERE stood a pretty cottage, among tall ash and sycamore trees, where the rooks came, cawing, all the year. From far away fields, where the farmers had been busy with their potato crop, the rooks had come home, one evening in the end of October, just six and forty years before. Their thick, hard bills had been buried in the earth, and many a small potato and many a worm had been accounted for, that day, by the inmates of Merryvale rookery.

And they had risen from the field of Dr Maxwell, the good rector of Tynan, as the sun was going down, and had come, with their glossy black wings shining in the evening light, to the old trees of their home.

Pretty Mary Gilbert had watched their

coming home, and looked up at them, as they came wheeling down through the air, and poising themselves, at last, on the topmost twigs. She had a sort of liking for the rude music of the birds, as they did their very best, after their hoarse fashion; and she would hardly have exchanged the noisy clamour of the rookery for some quieter cottage than Merryvale.

She watched the last rook alighting, and listened for the last "caw;" and then she went in. The birds in the rookery were hardly asleep, with their big heads under their wings, when Mary's head was laid upon her plump and rounded arm, and her dark eyes closed in slumber.

And now the wind sighed and moaned among the trees, in fitful, sobbing gusts. And the tall ashes moved backwards and forwards, less quietly and with fresher energy, each moment. Among the branches, the rooks, raising a wing now and then to balance themselves, held on bravely, nor heeded much the gathering gustiness of the storm.

In the heaven, the bright stars went out, one by one. Some of the brightest of them

struggled for a while with their fate, and glimmered at intervals, through the thickening clouds. But at last every star in heaven put off its robes of light, and covered itself with mourning.

Then there broke out, instead of heaven's lights, a red and forked pyramid of flame. And it went upwards, towards the sky, in angry hell-pants, sometimes over and sometimes under a black volume of smoke, that seemed rising from some infernal forges, where chains were being made to bind in slavery immortal souls for ever.

Over Mary there came a hot and feverish dream. Her breath came thick and fast, and her hands, moving half convulsively, tried to push back some heavy oppression alighting on her fair and rounded bosom.

Uneasily she tossed from side to side, nor felt chilled by the wild October wind.

For she dreamt that she was going down into one of those awful burning mountains, which she had heard of; and that great black shapes were rolling hot piles of rock upon her poor defenceless form. And, in mortal agony, she awoke at last, screaming,—

"Don't! Oh! don't!"

And she sprang out of bed, half crazed with terror, as the red light glared in through the window: and her scream was answered by a mocking shout, and a burst of cruel and exultant laughter.

And then she rushed to the door, calling,—

"Father! Mother!"

But there came not a voice of mother or father, in reply. For the wind was fierce without, and the suffocating smoke was within, and they were slumbering away their lives, unknowing that Death was there.

With despairing energy, Mary Gilbert burst into their room, and, shaking her father's arm, cried in tones of terror,—

"Wake up; the house is burning!"

First to hear and awaken was the mother.

"My Nelly, and my little Bob!" she cried, throwing a counterpane over the boy, and seizing the girl by the hand, as she lay in her little bed.

"We're in for it, Nelly; God's will be done!" exclaimed John Gilbert, discerning at a glance that the house was burning overhead, and that the roof would soón fall in.

And then he hurried them all to the door, and sought to gain the open air.

It was in vain.

The door had been fastened securely, and it was impossible to open it.

Again John Gilbert tried it, for little Bob was crying piteously, and was coughing incessantly from the suffocating smoke, which made it almost impossible to live and breathe.

But it was useless to try; and it was maddening to try in vain, when the wife and children of his love were looking for life to his efforts to reach the night air. And this last time there came, mocking him, four figures, that the red fire showed dancing delightedly, with a jeering—

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Then John Gilbert, looking a moment at his wife, said,—

"The other door!"

And they all crowded after him as he ran to the back of the house.

A stack of turf, built at the back and close to the wall of the house, had concealed this door from the view of those without.

It opened, and there seemed room to pass

between the turf stack and the wall, and so escape to a wood that was just at hand.

Cautiously and stealthily they passed along, and were getting free of the house, when little Bob, in childish glee at his escape, began to clap his hands and shout.

And then there arose out of the darkness a yell of savage fury, as round the house came pouring a hundred demoniac forms.

With pike, and hatchet, and pitchfork, they sought to drive back the fugitives into the flames; and seemed unwilling, not that they should die, but that they should have a choice of deaths.

"A hand, Nelly; farewell!"

And John Gilbert knelt down, in the hope that, by his death, he might bring life to those he loved.

For he could not think that these dark figures would spare neither woman nor child!

"Kill him! Kill the heretic!" they shouted, as, piked and hacked in every limb, John Gilbert bent his head, and died.

"Kill the she-serpent! Kill her!"

And the mother, too, knelt, not for herself, but for her child.

"Kill me, but don't touch the child," she cried, in piteous prayer.

And then, to show what they thought of a mother's love, and how they had a care for it, they killed the child, and spared the mother, till they had laid in her arms the bruised and bloody thing that, but a short while ago, was her little living boy!

And little Nelly lay down dead, beside her father, and her mother, and the child.

Mary Gilbert lay down, but not dead, though they thought she was.

And, the next day, there arose a poor maniac, with white hair, and wild and wandering eyes. Ever since that October night, in 1641, she had been wandering over the North, pitied by every Protestant, for all knew her story; and the burden of her wail was ever,—

"I saw them in hell!"

CHAPTER IV.

GHOSTS.

And it was this poor Mary Gilbert that frightened little Annie Wharton nearly out of her senses.

She verily believed that a spirit had spoken to her; and therefore she went into a wild fever, after her fainting fit was over.

"O silly little girl," you say; "what a wonderfully foolish little thing it was, to believe in ghosts and spirits!"

Was she so?

The country was talking even then of the trial that had taken place, in Downpatrick, two years ago, when learned judges had before them witnesses who swore to the appearance of Loslin's ghost. It had been told by one of the witnesses, in Annie's hearing, how he had been carried out of his house into a field near

at hand by the ghost; how he felt that she was coming to call him; and how, though held hard by loving friends, the ghost took him out of their hands, and sent him to swear before the judges, at the assizes of Downpatrick.

And then the story of Haddock's ghost was told.

Annie Wharton listened earnestly, with elbows leant on the table, to the tale of the queer white-coated man, who went away in a great storm, in which were heard strange, unearthly yellings, and noises of all hideous sorts

"Little fool!"

Very well; be it so. But, venerable and most respected sir, or ancient and sceptical madam, everybody in those days was not just as wise as you are now. Perhaps even yourself would have been just ever so little superstitious, if you had lived in 1685, with Judge Lindon, who had sworn testimony given before him about Loslin's ghost.

And, as for Haddock's white spectre, when "all wise and good men did believe the story," especially Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, and Richard Baxter, a man whose name some people will know, there is some

excuse for this silly little body, that her fancies and her fears sent her into a faint and a fever.

For she had just come running home from a neighbour's cottage, where the stories had been told, in time to miss Jasper Harrington. Indeed, it was the breathless interest with which she had been listening to the tidings, that had caused her to be late in reaching her grandfather's cottage.

For Charlotte Harrington had told her that Jasper intended going over to see her grandfather, that evening; and she had fully intended being at home.

But then came those unfortunate ghost stories, and Annie forgot all about Jasper's visit, till the lengthening shadows warned her that she ought to have been at home, long ago, if she expected to meet Harrington.

And so she bounded over green, grassy embankments, and, at infinite risk of scratching her hands, forced her way through thorn hedges, in most furious haste.

Cows, standing leisurely in the green fields, turned their heads to watch her; and a couple of dogs ran out, intending to bark at her, but,

when they saw who it was, they only wagged their tails.

After all, she was too late. Jasper was gone. There was nothing but the song of the blackbird to console her; and, somehow, even that took this evening a sort of ghostly sound, and chimed in but too well with the white spectres that, she was beginning to fancy, were dancing among the sycamore leaves.

They began to dance round Jasper Harrington and her, and to carry them away into ghost-land; and they joined hands in unearthly circle, and chanted drearily and dismally.

And, in the midst of all this, came that woeful voice! Chiming in with her thoughts came that weird wail; and the long white tresses, and the icy touch, and the fearful speech of the poor wounded being, were far too spirit-like for little Annie to resist their power; for she was—could such a thing be imagined in this very wise age?—a poor, weak, timid, and silly little maiden.

So she fell down, fainting, under the tree, seeing not the weird figure standing over her.

And seeing not Jasper Harrington, who had returned to bid Elijah Brown farewell, as he had resolved on going up to Dublin, to see if he could not better his fate, with Lord Tyrconnel.

"What is this? What ails her?" he cried, stooping to raise the girl, and gently lifting her in his arms.

"Woman, what meaneth this mad freak?" hoarsely muttered old Elijah, looking fiercely at the maniac.

"Poor body, she wotteth not of ill," said Jasper, moving away from her, nevertheless, with his burden.

"Right, Jasper; it beseemeth not to say hard things to poor Mary; God wot she has been sorely dealt with."

By this time Jasper had reached the door, and bending so as to move Annie as gently as possible, he carried her in, and laid her on her snowy bed.

Then, without more ado, he took up a bowl of clear spring water, and sprinkled her face, watching eagerly her eyes, in hope that they would open and smile on him.

At last they opened, but did not smile on

him; and Jasper sat down dolefully, wondering why.

Old Elijah brought in a light, and set it down, and was troubled as he saw the vacant stare of his child. Stern old Puritan as he was, he was ready to sob; and would, doubtless, had the young man not been in the room.

In this respect he was like so many of us! We are sad, and would weep, but will not, for we are not alone. No deep sorrow seeks a sharer. Little shallow griefs in shallow hearts may seek sympathy; and weak minds may derive a sort of comfort from an exhibition of their tears. But the great strong heart, that knoweth its own bitterness, and that people call callous, because not asked into its inner chambers, will never throw open its windows, nor invite spectators, when there is sorrow there, and, it may be, dark drapery of death.

And when Annie spoke, at last, it was not in her wonted merry tones. It was in fear and terror,—

"Oh! the ghost! Take me away! Save me!"

She did not see anything, nor did the others, till she spoke; and then, for the first time, they

saw that poor Mary had come after them into the room, and was standing, or rather crouching, at the foot of the bed.

Elijah Brown looked at Jasper imploringly.

Now Jasper was loth to leave, till some improvement had taken place in the little granddaughter. But he saw clearly that it would never do to allow poor Mary to stay there, and, perhaps, frighten Annie's wits out, if she began to revive.

So he reluctantly rose to leave the room, beckoning to the poor maniac to follow him, which she did.

And then she laid her hand on his arm, and looked into his face, whispering,—

"She'll die!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Jasper.

"Ay, ay!"

"You're crazed, Mary."

"Ay, ay!"

"Poor Mary Gilbert," said Jasper, pityingly.

"Owen O'Neil's in hell."

"Owen O'Neil?"

"Ay, ay."

"Good gracious! and it is his son that has got my commission, too; and my Lord Tyr-

connel dismisses a loyal Protestant to make way for the son of the man who had murdered the Gilberts!"

So Jasper angrily exclaimed. And the poor demented woman, not knowing why or wherefore, kept going on, after her fashion,—

"Ay, ay! I saw them in hell!"

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HARRINGTONS.

JASPER HARRINGTON was right. It was the son of Owen O'Neil who had been appointed, by Lord Tyrconnel, to fill his vacant place. Now, Jasper's father, Captain William Harrington, had been in battle against this Owen O'Neil, when Owen was fresh in rebellion and murder.

Captain Harrington had come over from Devonshire, to serve under Colonel Arthur Chichester; being of warlike taste and affections; very loyal to the Stuarts; and deeming that he might gratify both taste and loyalty by taking service in Ireland.

He was some sort of cousin, also, to Colonel Chichester's mother. The Coplestone blood ran in his veins, and he was rather proud of this. And, of course, being related to Colonel

Chichester, and taking service under him, he was with him when Colonel Chichester marched from Carrickfergus to Lisnegarvy, in 1641.

He was with him, also, when Owen O'Neil joined Sir Phelim, and the other rebel chiefs who, with eight or nine thousand men, recruited in Armagh, Tyrone, Antrim, and Down, encamped, on the 27th November, at Brookhill, three miles from Lisnegarvy. At night-fall, on that 27th November, Colonel Chichester's troop and a company of foot came into Lisnegarvy, to the succour of the little garrison.

And that little garrison needed succour. The newly raised companies of which it consisted were poor stript men, that had made their escape from the rebels; and had in mind recent horrid deeds of massacre and murder—women's and children's cries, in death-agony.

Death dropped gallant Captain Boyd into Harrington's arms, just as Lisnegarvy was gained. And there was night fighting, by the light of the burning Lisnegarvy houses, in which the rebels got the worst of it; hard night fighting it must have been, and with some success on the part of the Protestants, for dead white faces of the foe, some three times

as many as their adversaries, looked up to heaven, each for a grave next morning.

Just before Sir Phelim O'Neil and his scoundrels stole off that night—for they did steal off, in the dark—a shot lamed Harrington for life. He was nearly frozen to death, too, where he fell; for the intense frost, coming into his bed of snow, took all power of moving from him.

That snow, which had heavily fallen, and got melted, and got back into ice again, had, however, so much helped the gallant troopers in their fighting, that he could not find it in his heart to say a repining word. And it was a new thing, verily, for icy streets to help troopers against foot soldiers; yet so it was. For the smiths had been frosting the horses all night to good purpose; while the brogues of the rebels, not being good for skating, helped them to slip under feet of horses and blow of swords.

This was all piously narrated to Jasper, long after.

Captain William Harrington had brought a wife from England, about the time of the Restoration, and had comfortably settled down on

small property he had received, in justice to his services, through the representation of Colonel Chichester, then Earl of Donegal. This property was not very far from the town of Lisnegarvy, or Lisburn; and, nearly as often as the good Captain went into the town, he would get talking of the battle to little Jasper.

So it came to pass that all about it was well known to him; all about Sir Phelim and that Owen O'Neil; and all about the bloody deeds done by the disappointed and baffled Papists, when they wreaked their cruel vengeance upon the poor Protestant prisoners they had kept till then in Armagh, Tyrone, and elsewhere.

Jasper could not, therefore, be expected to take very pleasantly his dismissal, to make way for young Shane O'Neil.

So his sister, who kept house for him since the deaths of his father and mother, four years ago, had often to listen to his complaints and grumblings. It has been seen, too, that Elijah Brown had to listen to them. After three or four times telling, each of these got slightly tired of the subject, it must be confessed. And Jasper could not write to a newspaper, to complain of the hardship he endured

Newspapers were not in vogue then. There had been a terrible rumpus kicked up, in Dublin, when the little bits of things called news-letters had been first printed there, in July, 1685. When Lord Clarendon forbade the printing of them, because they told unpleasant truths of his royal brother-in-law and master, Jasper had managed to get two or three, as curiosities, and still preserved them, for the amusement of country-folks, who liked the stories of royalty they told, ancient as those were.

Need it be said that Elijah Brown liked these stories especially; and often took weapons from this arsenal to fight Jasper's very loyal prejudices in favour of the reigning race? He liked to argue far better than to listen; and Jasper, not having a newspaper to write to and confide in, must often have been driven to despair, if he had not seen that, in Elijah Brown's cottage, there was one always ready to hear his twice-told tale, and to afford her ready sympathy.

Nothing cared the maiden for courts and kings. They were far off, and not very large looking nor important in the distance.

But Jasper was different. Jasper had always walked and talked with her. Jasper was near; and she knew him. And so she cared for Jasper's affairs much; though nothing for King James's.

That week that she was ill, Jasper did not go to Dublin. He would not go till he could tell her that he was going.

And one fine evening, in the middle of September, he walked over, as usual, to Master Elijah's cottage.

As he knocked at the door, a low voice he knew said,—

"Come in."

And in went Jasper, looking round the room, but not saying that he was very sorry that he did not see Master Brown.

Only saying this:—

"God bless you, Annie dear! I'm glad you are up again."

As he was doubtless. For he was an honest soul, this Jasper; although he had been a soldier, and had seen a little of real courts, and the Dublin mimic court.

A flush came into Annie's face, which was not her wont, on meeting Jasper; for there

had been nothing in the world of love between these two, let it be understood. Never a word had been spoken of this, since ever they knew each other; that was, as far at least as Jasper was concerned, just sixteen years ago. Of course it was a little less since the maiden became acquainted with him; for she could not be supposed to have thought much about him when her little fat hands were straying about for something to warm them—mother's bosom being, at that time, cold enough, in Lisburn churchyard.

And, after the flush, there came more of silence than usual. Was it that Annie did not like to talk about that night? Was it that Jasper did not care, somehow, to mention the Dublin project? It may have been for either, or both, or neither of these reasons; but it happened, at any rate, that there was very little, if any, talking, till Master Elijah Brown came in.

Then both began to talk, and both wondered that they did not talk before; and both wished, ever so little, that he had stayed away longer, till they might have talked; though it is very doubtful if they would have said a word if he had.

"When dost thou start for Dublin?" was the old man's question.

"To-morrow, I think."

Did Jasper see the flush on Annie's cheek? If he didn't, he might have wondered that she bent down her head over her sewing, lower than usual, instead of looking up in his face with her bright questioning eyes.

Ah! little Annie, you have made wonderful progress in heart knowledge, since that night you sat thinking of Jasper under the tree. Was there any reason why, so often and often, you should have asked to be told how he had carried you in, and laid you gently down on the bed? How did it happen that, lying there, in weakness, with shut eyes, thoughts of Jasper Harrington came oftenest of any into that little head? How did it happen that, on first seeing Jasper again, a blush came into the pretty face, that never before had felt such a thing at sight of him?

Jasper thought that it was a little odd. But he *thought* about it; and the more he thought, the more he liked to think of it. And that night, going away home, with warm pressure of the little fingers lingering on his, and memory

of that blush for company, Jasper half wished that he was not going to Dublin; and he thought—yes, that was the first time he thought—would it ever happen that he should have a wife? And he wondered would his wife be Annie Wharton?

CHAPTER VI.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

But Jasper Harrington did go to Dublin.

And, first of all, what did he do? Made a purchase, in a shop hard by the Castle, for Annie Wharton.

Made the purchase quietly and decently, too, not swearing at the shopman, like a lady who was in, buying; or, rather, taking away the goods on credit, and never intending to pay for them, since the shopman was a Protestant, and she was Lady Ross, not Lord Tyrconnel's daughter.

When she had left, the shopman said,—

"The times are changed, sir, grievously, and no one dares to speak of them."

"So I hear,—indeed, so I know," replied Jasper.

"We've got Tom Hackett for Lord Mayor,

and the new corporation will do King James's bidding, doubtless, every way."

"Ay, doubtless," said Jasper, despondingly; "had I known all, I might have spared my journey."

"My Lord is far worse since he came home from Chester," said the merchant, in a whisper.

"Is it so?"

"Truly, yes; and the Protestant officers that were left till then, have been sent off, yesterday."

"It seems, then, that King James looks with favour on all this, since Lord Tyrconnel has not mended, having seen his Majesty."

"Mended? Ha! ha! Dick Talbot mend!" said a voice behind Jasper.

"Why, Leighton, is it you?"

"Yes, Harrington, it is Baldwin Leighton, cashiered, like yourself, by this man, Talbot."

"Take care, Leighton, you may be overheard."

"No matter. Of course he would murder us all, if he dare; but he dare not, yet."

"What a fool I was to come up to Dublin, to try and get back my commission!" said Jasper, angrily.

"Of course you were," was the encouraging reply. "The slanderer of Anne Hyde, the would-be assassin of Cromwell, the conspirator against the life of Ormond, the liar, the swearer, the gambler, the pimp, will hardly honour with his favour heretic Jasper Harrington."

"And yet, I must see him," said Harrington, determinately. "Having gone so far, I must go through with this."

So he went to the Castle next morning, and was admitted to an audience.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Jasper Harrington, my Lord, formerly in His Majesty's army, come to make humble petition——"

"God damn your petition

"——To make humble petition to your Excellency that I may have my commission again."

"Your commission? By God, it's in prison you should be!"

"My Lord——"

"You're a damned rogue, sir; hold your tongue!"

"Well, my Lord, my father's son might have expected other usage."

"By God he might! And may get it yet, too," said Tyrconnel, with a loud laugh.

"May I then hope?" said Jasper, willing to put a construction on his speech.

"God blast me!" said Tyrconnel, furiously, "not a man of you shall ever get a commission."

And that was what Jasper Harrington made of his visit to Dublin Castle, in September, 1687.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE ENGLISH OAK."

THERE was a coffee-house in Dame-street, much frequented by the Protestant ex-officers. They used to gather there, and talk over the troubles of the times. Much muttered displeasure there was, doubtless, among them, for it could not be that the acts of the Lord Deputy would afford them satisfaction.

Here were discussed his sayings and doings, and with them the sayings and doings of King James.

It was here that the earliest news-letters had been brought from England, and a Protestant might still obtain by stealth a sight of those printed documents, which so wonderfully disturbed the peace of the tyrant and his abettors.

The house was very well known for its Protestant character, and it bore a flourishing

sign, in lively colours, intended to represent the "English Oak."

Naturally it was hated by the Irishry, and carefully avoided. Generally they passed it by with a scowl and a threat; and once Tyrconnel had been seen to shake his fist at it, swearing a tremendous oath at the resort of those traitorous scoundrels, as he called them, who had been treated as—no, not as they deserved, by God! But he would let them see what he meant to do, and he would destroy, he would hack, he would hew, he would blast, that cursed "English Oak!"

He had been heard to say this by one of his new Popish officers, whose zeal, aided by strong water, sent him into the house to see what he could make of it, a day or two after Harrington's interview with the Lord Deputy.

Jasper was standing with his back to him when he entered, a little flushed, and not very steady. For a few minutes, however, he was quiet enough, and listened to what Jasper was saying.

"He cursed and damned me, and called me a rogue," said Jasper, "and got red in the face with swearing."

"Never mind, Harrington; we must wait for better times," replied Leighton.

"Wait? We may have long enough to wait!"

"Hush!" said Leighton, then noticing, for the first time, that a stranger was present.

Jasper either did not hear, or would not heed. He continued:—

"Wait? And see all our land wasted, our homes polluted, our women insulted, our very lives not safe!"

"Hush! Harrington; beware!" repeated Leighton, in a low tone, as he caught the expression of the stranger's face, and saw him lay his hand upon his sword.

"Beware!" exclaimed Harrington, in a heat, "what have I to beware of? I had little but my honour and my commission; the first is still my own, though this Tyrconnel has chosen to bestow the last on that son of a murderer, Shane O'Neil!"

"Liar! heretic! die!" shouted the stranger, barely giving Harrington time to draw his sword, as he sprang on him; adding, as well as his passion would allow him, "I am Shane O'Neil!"

"Harrington, for God's sake, take care! Remember Ashton's fate," earnestly exclaimed Leighton, desiring to warn his friend.

Jasper was quite cool now. He always got cool, when in dangerous case. So, while he defended himself against the not very expert swordsmanship of his opponent, he said, with a laugh,—

"Ha! It will be treason if I kill him, of course."

Harrington's coolness naturally exasperated his foe, who, panting and foaming, tried in vain to get a thrust at one he hated, now intensely, as he hated his name, ever since he had learned that his superseded predecessor was Harrington.

All this panting and foaming did not serve him much. He was making but a poor hand of it, madder and madder as he was getting at the sneers of the spectators, who were ironically complimenting on his skill the Lord Deputy's new officer.

At last Harrington succeeded in disarming him, and then, a curious idea of soldiership possessing him, O'Neil rushed as fast as he could from the precincts of "The English Oak."

"Well done, Harrington; you're a capital swordsman!" Leighton smilingly remarked.

"Now," said Harrington, "I had better be off; for this young Popish cub of rebel breed is, doubtless, away to the Castle, with complaint against me as a peace-disturber."

"You are right, I fear."

"I cannot expect much favour from my Lord Tyrconnel; but it grieves me to be the cause of annoyance to this honest man," turning to the worthy proprietor of the coffee-house, who stood forward, as Jasper moved to the door.

"Never heed, master, the worse the times the sooner they'll mend. And, faith, they'll be bad indeed, if they're worse than now."

"You'll know Shane O'Neil now, Harrington, if you meet him," said Leighton, as they went into the street.

"Know him! Ay, and he'll know me yet, too."

"Oh! as for that, I think he does pretty well already, my friend."

"Not yet," said Harrington; "I've a little debt to pay him, if ever we meet fairly."

"Hah! What mean you?"

"His father's band did a villanous deed, that

I wot of, in 1641; and, if we live to fight, he must defend the memory of his father—I shall seek to avenge the Gilberts."

"You talk of fighting, Harrington; do you mean that you intend to seek him out, and fight this Shane O'Neil?"

"That was not what I meant," said Jasper, slowly; and then he added, "Perhaps I could not very well say what I meant."

"At any rate, Harrington, hie home to the North speedily; for in Dublin there will be no safety for you, after to-day."

"You are right," said Harrington; "so, for a while, farewell!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HOPES AND FEARS.

"WELL, Jasper, hearest thou news from London?"

"Yes, some; the king does not grow in popularity, verily, Master Brown."

"It would seem not; but what have you heard?"

"Not a great deal. The 6th of February, you know, was his coming to the crown, and service was held in the churches. I hear the churches were nearly empty; no more people there that Monday than any other week-day."

"The Londoners are not disposed, then, to count the Stuart among their heavenly blessings," said Elijah Brown, grimly.

"It would seem not; and yet the people love to hear sermons from such as Bishop Ken,

who delights in dwelling on the Babylonish persecution of God's Church, and her great and glorious deliverance."

"Poor folks!" ejaculated Elijah.

"And there is need, truly, of some pious encouragement these times," continued Jasper; "the tyrant of France is still at his bloody work, robbing and imprisoning, all for this Mass."

"May the good Lord have mercy upon the poor sheep of his pasture; for, of a verity, the wolves have fiercely fallen upon them!"

"The dragoon-missioners are truly wolves," said Jasper, "and they will not be stopped by any warning, though one would think that the blasting of their churches and their priests from heaven, at St. Malo and Paris, and the burning up even of their consecrated hosts, the last Corpus-Christi Day, might have warned them."

"Oh! for one hour of Cromwell!" groaned the old soldier, as his eyes looked up to heaven at thought of the sufferings endured, even then, by those who held the faith of the Gospel.

"Here, in Ireland, we will soon be as bad," Harrington said, looking the while at little

Annie, who sighed over her work as he said this.

"The spring is dry and cold," replied Master Brown, "though we are in April now, and there is not much promise of summer; but there will be summer, for all that."

"And you mean——"

"Yes, there will be summer," went on Elijah, "and the warm sun will come out, and life will come back to many a thing, and there will be joy over all the land."

Annie Wharton looked up at her grandfather. A new spirit seemed to have come into him. She had never heard him talk so of summer, and wondered what made him talk of it now.

And Jasper, standing with his back to the warm fire, and feeling still the cold easterly wind, through which he had come, and which chilled so many that spring, was a little puzzled to make out whether Elijah Brown was thinking only of the cold and of coming summer; or whether he was, in half prophetic mood, looking forward with hope to a deliverance from the rod

of the tyrant, and from the fury of the oppressor.

"Yes, there will be summer," Brown continued, "though the old may be not alive to see it, and though the winter may to them bring death; but there will be summer, and sun, and blue heaven, and God above all, and no more clouds and darkness, nor biting frosts, nor chilling winds."

And then he closed his eyes, as if seeing afar off, this summer-time, with its light and heat, and life and sun.

"Jasper!" said Annie, in a low tone, as she looked from her grandfather to Harrington.

"Well, Annie?"

"Tell me of the Spanish Armada."

"Why of it to-night, Annie?"

"Oh! he was talking of it before you came in; I think he is still thinking of it."

"I must try, then, if you like; but I have forgotten a great many things lately, Annie."

"Not that story, surely, Jasper," said the maiden, with a smile.

"Not—somebody," replied Jasper, watching the pretty blush in Annie's face as he emphasised the last word.

"Oh! Jasper!"

Old Elijah Brown opened his eyes, and said—

"Go on, Jasper; tell her the story."

"One hundred years ago, on the 12th of July, 1588, the Invincible Armada departed from the Groyne, to conquer England, and bring it under the sway of Spain."

"And Antichrist," Elijah Brown added.

"On the 23rd of July, a north wind blowing, the Duke of Medina-Celi, commanding the Spanish fleet, stood towards that of the English. There was a great battle fought, our English fighting gallantly, and the Spaniards being fain to retire, learning that day and many succeeding ones, that there was little chance of their effecting a landing on English ground."

"The storm, Jasper; the storm!" suggested the old man.

"And then they tried to sail round by Scotland and Ireland, and get home to their own land again. Here a storm came on——"

"God blew upon them!"

"——that shattered their fleet. Seventeen ships were dashed to pieces by that storm, and more than five thousand men were destroyed.

All these ships and all these men perished along our northern Irish coast; and more, they say, of ships and men were lost in the storm than were taken or destroyed by the seamen of the Queen."

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled Master Brown, grimly.

"What are you laughing at, grandfather?"

"Thou forgettest the castle, Jasper, the castle they fired at."

"What castle?"

"Why, dost thou not know that story? The ships, passing the Causeway, fired and fired away at a castle—not man's castle, verily—God Almighty's; and the great black peaks of rock stand up there still, and will ever stand; reminding misbelievers that it was God Almighty the Spaniards were fighting against, and that there was no victory for them in that battle!"

And the old man reverently bent his head, and the young man and maiden knew how and why it was that he had been led to think of summer, and to talk in a way that caused them now no wonderment at all.

And then he looked up, and spoke again.

"Those were great times, Jasper, marvellous times. The Lord of hosts fought the battles of England, those times. For England was on the Lord's side then; and Antichrist hated her, and warred against her, and tried to crush her by land and sea. And Philip of Spain, and his mass-priests and mass-books, cursed her; but the Lord blessed her—that was over all."

And then, after a pause, he went on:

"That great Armada—invincible, they called it—of one hundred and thirty ships was scattered, and came no more. And the thumb-screws, and the racks, and the iron boots, and all the fine things they were bringing to torture our fathers, were flung into the depths of the sea!"

For a moment a gleam of light seemed to rest upon his face, and then it passed away, and he gathered gloom on his brow, breathed heavily, and groaned as he said—

"Woe, woe to England now! For the Lord of hosts hath been defied, and Antichrist hath been honoured; and the people of the Lord are spit upon, and buffeted, and hunted like wild beasts; and the foes of the Lord are

ramping and raging; and the evil days have come, and the curse, and the darkness, and there is no light in sun, or moon, or stars."

But this mood soon passed away.

"I am wrong," he said, solemnly, "I am wrong. The Lord is the keeper of Israel. He neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. His hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear. And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry unto Him day and night? Yes, He will avenge them, and avenge them speedily."

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLOTTE HARRINGTON SPEAKS A BIT OF HER MIND.

THERE was a thick, leafy grove, and a nice green grassy glade within it; and just in the middle of the glade, and all surrounded by the tall, shadowing trees, stood the residence of Jasper Harrington.

It was a plain sort of affair, as beseemed the times, with roof of thatch, and small windows. Up along the windows had been trained some roses, that came out, in red and white, in their season.

And down among the green grass there had been flower-beds made, that May saw bright in bloom. Pale primroses were there, some single and some curiously cupped; and daisies, some white and pure as the morning dew, and some blood-red as the morning before rain. Tall daffodils bent their golden crowns in homage

to the sun; and blue hyacinths, with endless hangings of chimeless bells, seemed ever waiting to ring in the grand evangel.

And, in the grove above, there was ever, in the spring and early summer, a singing of birds. The clear, bold song of the robin first; and then the varied minstrelsy of the mavis; and a little later the liquid melody of the merle. And down in a thick gooseberry bush, close to the root, and hardly to be distinguished from the mossy stem, a little wren built its nest, this spring; and it was watched, in its quick and chirruping flight, to-night, by Charlotte Harrington.

"Oh! Annie, a wren's nest," she said, as Annie came in sight. "Just look where it has been building."

"What an odd, snug little place!"

"Isn't it? But where have you been, Annie, all this while? And how is it you hardly ever come near me, now?"

"Have I been long? I did not think so."

"Long? You have been an age!"

"Have I?" asked Annie, quite pathetically.

"And even, to-night, I am sure you don't come to see me; you want to see Jasper."

"Oh! Charlotte!"

"Of course you do, you minx; but I tell you what; you must not be going and marrying him, now; it wouldn't be proper."

"He never asked me to marry him," said Annie, blushing, and looking down; crushing a daffodil to pieces, with her foot.

"But, if he did, of course you would say that you didn't ought to marry him, for that he was a gentleman."

"Oh! Charlotte!"

"To be sure you would! Do you think I would like you so well if I thought you were going to marry Jasper? No, indeed, Annie Wharton, and you mustn't do it, now!"

"Oh! Charlotte!"

"You've been thinking of it, I see. Has he been talking to you about love, and that? Why do you get so red? You're a nasty girl! Go away!"

"Oh! Char-Char-Char-lotte!" sobbed Annie, thinking that Charlotte Harrington was very cruel, and wondering how she could say all these things to a poor little soul that had never done her any harm.

And all Charlotte Harrington did was—to

stoop down over the gooseberry bush, and take the intensest interest in the nest of the little wren. For, you know, there are people who can be greatly concerned about their canary, or their cat, or their poodle, and cuddle and caress them, all sorts, and yet be as hard as—oh, dear! all similes of very hard things have been unfortunately quite exhausted—with poor human beings who err by being human, perhaps shedding tears, perhaps giving out of their heart a little human love, and showing that they *can* love.

And poor little Annie was so humble in her love; and now almost felt that she had been doing wrong in loving. If it had been possible, she would have gone down into the ground, under the green grass, with all its tall feathery heads, and let them wave over her, as she lay there, in silence. She would far rather have done so, just then, than heard Charlotte Harrington say those things that reddened her cheeks with a burning shame, and made her think that to be a sin which was no sin at all, but a thing of heaven, and a joy from God.

Annie covered her face with her hands, and

wanted to go home, but didn't like to go; didn't like to go for so silly a reason, and wondered what would come of it all.

And Charlotte raised her head from the wren's nest, and, in a cheerier tone, said,—

"But I am wrong, perhaps, after all. Indeed, I am sure I am wrong. We'll be good friends still, Annie, for I know you don't care about Jasper."

And what do you think Annie did? Do you suppose she looked up in Charlotte's face, and said,—

"I do!"

She didn't. But she looked up, and smiled; and the thought came into her head that, perhaps, if she held her tongue and said nothing, she might be able to keep both her friends. At any rate she was acquiring a sort of wiseness, that told her there was no need in the world that Charlotte Harrington should know the whole state of the case, just then.

"Girls have something else to do than waste their time thinking of these things," said Charlotte, "which are very useless and absurd things to be thinking about, after all. For what is the use of marrying? What a world of trouble

a woman brings on herself by it! I'm sure I am far better the way I am."

"I'm sure somebody else is far better without you," thought the listener, but did not say it.

"Take my advice, Annie dear, and never think of marrying."

And, just at this juncture, up came Jasper Harrington, in time to hear the last word. And Annie, blushing redder than ever, said "Good night," and hurried away home; Jasper all the while wondering what ever made her look so frightened, and scurry off like a rabbit running into its hole.

"I don't think Annie will ever marry," said Charlotte, demurely; not looking into her brother's face.

Jasper had some thoughts of his own on the subject, but they did not turn into words. He knew his sister's opinions on the subject of matrimony, and he avoided coming into collision with her, whenever it was possible.

He thought it natural enough that she should not like *him* to get married, and he set a good deal of her talk down to that account. But he couldn't just see what good it would do dis-

cussing Annie Wharton's chances of a husband; and so he was silent.

As he often was, when his sister would let him; and he was determined to be so to-night, though he saw plainly that she was in one of her disputatious moods. And he had learned to know that his sister could be very disagreeable in these moods; so he took the greatest possible care to avoid a collision.

He flattered himself that he had succeeded admirably.

But the truth was that Charlotte Harrington had outwitted him; for her object was to prevent him going home with Annie Wharton. And she did.

Annie lingered on the way, longer than she need have done, poor girl. Of course she was not expecting any one; but still she lingered.

At last she sat down beside a whin or furze bush, and began listlessly pulling off the rich yellow blossoms. There was a pool a little way off, and tall wavy reeds in it. And from the reeds came out the voice of the water-hen, "kur-rook!" And out in the pool, among the leaves of the water lily swam a mallard, after the shining insects that were skimming the water.

And the snipe floated up into the air, and sank down, bleating, as it fell. And, behind, the partridges were "chir—r—r—" ing, running close to the bush where Annie sat. And yet, with all these summery sounds, and with the air sweet and balmy, Annie felt very lonely, as she rose to go home.

CHAPTER X.

MR. PETER WHARTON'S STORY.

A STRANGER was sitting in the cottage of Master Elijah Brown, when Annie returned to her home in the gloaming. He turned round, she could see, as she entered; but the room was too dark for her to see anything more. She wondered who he was, and what he was doing there at that hour; and wondered not the less that he asked her, in strong Scotch accent,—

"Whar hae ye been, sae late, lass?"

"Your uncle, Annie," said her grandfather, in explanation; which was needed, as Annie hardly knew that she had an uncle.

Yet she had. And the Reverend Peter Wharton had been led, by the troublous aspect of the times, to leave Scotland for Ulster. Therefore it was that he sat there to-night,

and intended to remain, till he could see his way to some ministerial charge in connection with the Presbyterian Church.

It may be as well mentioned that he had not long to wait, for a congregation near Belfast gladly welcomed him; and that not the less readily that he had been witness to much of Scotland's sufferings and battles for Christ's Crown and Covenant.

Annie frankly went over to her uncle now, and bade him welcome, in cordial and friendly tone. He seemed to like this, for he said, after a candle had been placed on the table,—

"You're a brave sonsie lass, Annie."

And Annie, not knowing very well what else to do, blushed and smiled.

"Yes, you're a brave sonsie lass, and ye mind me o' bonnie Margaret Wilson."

"Who was she, uncle?"

"Ah! that's a sad story, Annie. She was a bonnie lass that Heaven wanted hame, and the Stuarts were in hurry to send there."

"Have a care, Peter, what ye say, for Dean Manby might be coming by," said Elijah Brown, with a chuckle.

"Didn't he go away and swear against a

Mr. Norman, at Londonderry, for saying words against the King?" asked Annie, in a tone of awe.

"Did Jasper tell you that?" asked her grandfather.

"Yes," said Annie, looking down, and blushing at the name of Jasper; thinking of the reason she had for doing so, too, to-night.

"A bad man he was, that dean," said Elijah, "and they tell me his character was not in great repute, even with the late Lord-Lieutenant."

"Was that Lord Clarendon, grandfather?" asked Annie, not unwilling to show that she knew something of politics; though, indeed, not very much knowledge was required to enable her to put this question.

"Have ye spies here, too?" asked the minister, looking round.

"No, no; it was in sport I spake, Peter; the Dean of Derry has no followers in these parts."

"Well, then, I may tell Annie of Margaret Wilson."

"Ay, do!"

"Bonnie Margaret was but of eighteen years. She was offered life if she would recant, but she wadna forswear her Lord. They took her down to the sand, and fixed a stake in it, and told her that she was to dee! A' alang the banks of the Solway, the primroses were blooming, and the grass was green and bright, in the sun. It was the eleventh of May, and the young summer was comin' in, with laverocks singin' high in heaven; and down amang the sedges and the willows, a voice, now and then, from the cuckoo. But Margaret had ither thoughts than of primrose blossoms or laverock's songs. For the water was comin' in, and in, and in; and the angels were there, round her, above the tide. And she was singin', singin' on, sweeter than ever laverock sang, till the waves came over her head. And then the cruel minions of the Stuart bade her recant and live. With sweet voice, she said, 'I am Christ's; let me go!' And they let her go; and the waves of the Solway bore her to Canaan's shore; and she sang, that summer evening, far away, the song of Moses and of the Lamb!"

Annie was weeping, as her uncle ended; and old Elijah sat clenching his fist, and wondering when the time would come that the Lord would avenge His servants' blood.

At last Annie whispered,

"Did the King know?"

"Ay, did he, I doubt not," replied her uncle.

"Could he be so cruel?" continued Annie.

"Cruel? There were bloody and cruel men in Scotland, but James Stuart was the bloodiest and cruelest o' a'. The Scottish Privy Council had brought before it one Mr. John Spreul, an apothecary of Glasgow, and the Council put him to the torture. James Stuart sat grimly looking on."

"Wasn't he Duke of York, then?" asked Master Elijah Brown.

"Ay, it was in 1681. The poor man was struck in the boots. The Council, on some pretence, nearly all left the room. But the Duke sat looking grimly on. The hammer was driven home by the torturer, and the wedges crushed the flesh and bone. Such as remained grew pale and shuddered; all except James, Duke of York."

"God save the King!" muttered old Brown, in bitter irony.

"'Sir, would you kill the King?' asked the Duke. 'I bless God,' replied Spreul, 'I am no Papist: I hate and abhor all those Jesuitical and murdering principles; neither my parents nor the ministers I heard ever taught me such principles.'"

"Did the Duke let him go, then?" asked Annie, with breathless interest.

"Na; and, though he was tried and acquitted by the jury, he was banished to the Bass Rock, and lay, with the wild waves ragin' round him, till this new-found clemency of the Stuart set him free."

"New-found, indeed, Peter. Ye think not much, I ween, of the Indulgence?"

"The Stuarts were aye famed for their wiles," replied Mr. Peter Wharton, "and James Stuart has not forgot his father's cunning. Ane wha learned from godly John Spreul how he sat out the torture, and half smiled at each blow of the hammer on the wedge, canna think that it is for love that James Stuart would relax our bonds."

"Right, Peter; right."

"Besides, the King breaks the law; he does wrang that he may do right. And he would bribe us to aid him in breaking the law, that he may be able to favour the Papists by our means."

"Even so," said Elijah, approvingly.

"We canna trust James Stuart, and we will not accept this gift from his hands. I think, with Richard Baxter and John Howe, that it would be an evil day when the Presbyterians cease to protest against Pope and Popery, and fail, for sake of a Judas gift, to be true to God's gospel and Christ's cause."

"Well said, Peter Wharton, and like an honest-hearted man who loves his Master," was Brown's remark.

"The day will come, surely, and we may see it soon, when there will be for us liberty to worship God. Men begin to whisper somewhat o' the Prince of Orange, and to talk of his comin' over the sea. I ken not what there is in this; God wotteth all things; and there may be, even for us, a great deliverance."

There was a pause, and then Annie whispered,

"Tell me something of my father."

"Thy father was a brave man, Annie. He had come back, as ye ken, to Scotland, to see the auld folks before they would dee. One bright June Sabbath morning, there had gathered a crowd at Drumclog. John Balfour of Burley was there; and so was Robert Hamilton. And the auld folks were there, too. Ye were well awa', Annie, though as wee bit lassies as ye were came, holding each ithers' hands. Amang the marsh and muir, they sang of 'Judah's land,' far awa'; and, as they sang, down came the bloody Claverhouse and his dragoons. It needs not to tell how the day was won, nor how Claverhouse lost the battle. Thy father's life was lost, that day, Annie; and the auld folks looked their last on him, as he bravely fought, and then breathed out his soul on his mither's bosom! They laid him gently down to rest; the brown heather covers his grave, and the muir-fowl there stands solitary sentinel. You may find the place where he lies, by the stone, grown o'er wi' moss, on which they carved, in memory o' the fight, a figure of a Bible and a sword."

CHAPTER XI.

THINGS GREAT AND SMALL.

THE wonders and weaknesses of the world are strangely interwoven. The greatest natural event of the world is, unquestionably, the Deluge. Over mountain and moor, over peak and plain, burst the rushing tide and the descending rain. Futile had been the efforts of the preacher of righteousness to induce the great public to turn and live. Things had always been as they were, and would last their time. There would be no change, no great revolution. The little people played about the doors of the tents, and the women laughed within them. The horses and cattle strayed to their pasturage, as the sun rose, every morning. And the swarthy men, busy with labour or with sin, in field or city, laughed in the preacher's face, as he spoke of danger. And

verily he needed faith, this Noah, looking thus on the great world, and preaching ceaselessly on; mocked and jeered at, by man and nature, for a hundred and twenty years.

But it came. And men think of that tremendous catastrophe, and of a crushing out of life by mountains of waters, and sweeping off into eternity of all humanity, but the seed of that one man. Just these two things—the water and the ark—come up, in picture, before us; in the one, the few souls saved, in the other, the myriads drowned.

Yet can one help thinking of the things which were done that last evening, before the door was shut? One week had been given, even at the last, to gather in the little flock. And the giants had seen the birds gather at Noah's call, all trooping, with their four-footed fellows, in long procession, as once the founders of their races did, before man's own progenitor.

Who can doubt that the mighty men of renown lay them down, that night, thinking and talking of Noah? Who can doubt that the little ones told their mothers how the lion and tiger had gone gently along, and how the

thrush, or the bulbul, had flown into a tree, and trilled a song, before following its mate?

And that young girl was to go to her bridal couch, to-morrow; and she lay down, dreaming dreams of long years of love. And, in the night hours, that babe is coming in, to lie, at least to-night, on its mother's breast.

And the evil-doer is abroad, in the night; and the lion is out of his lair, coming down upon his prey; and the owl is hooting up at the stars, and, if it could think, would resolve to do the same to-morrow.

So, let us be wise, when we think of the Flood. Let us remember that all the little lives were lost, as well as Earth's population drowned. Let us think not only of the Sum—the All—but of the one, and one, and one, and one!

The greatnesses and littlenesses of man are strangely interwoven. David—God's own great hero, and Israel's brave deliverer; the valiant champion who, with smooth stone of the brook, slew the magnificent Goliath of Gath; the harper of sweetest harpings that even charmed a very devil from the soul of Saul; the singer of those songs that God himself has approvingly quoted—was, after all, only a man.

We speak not of the sins that he sinned, giving occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme; for, if God has recorded them, God has pardoned them. But look at him, on the grassy bank, as the bleating of a lamb startles him from his psalm to God. See how he rises to that lion, and bravely, as a man, dashes life out of him; and sends after him the bear, to death. And then fancy him, as truly one may, fondling the rescued lamb, and chafing its wounded limbs, as its mother rubs her head against him, in grateful acknowledgment of that brave youth's deed.

Think of him, in that cave of Adullam, with the motley group of outlaws around him; and do not believe that only because he killed the giant did they make him their captain, but because he had a loving heart, and a gentle soul, and was, in a word, every inch a man.

Think of him, not only as he was when he wept for Jonathan, and Absalom, and for his little nameless son, but as he was, in that parcel of ground full of barley, when the people that should have stood by him fled, and Eleazar and David made manly stand, till the barley was beaten down by Philistines dead.

Think of him, parched with thirst after battle fought; and the gallant three that drew him water from his own home well of Bethlehem; and the heart of love that he had, gushing out towards those three, as whose life-blood he valued that water, pouring it out before the Lord.

Think, in fact, of heroes as very much the same as all men, with like passions, and hopes, and fears, and hates, and loves. Tower up above humanity, in some moods, they do; being, of a verity, then seen and known as sons of God: but down to humanity, in most moods, they come; and walk, and talk, and look, and smile, every bit true sons of man.

Far out at sea, the ship is sailing. You see from her only the high tops of mountains, and the peaks. She nears them, and the hills are seen; then the swelling ground, and then the plains. The homes of man, the green fields the very cattle under the shady trees, come, by-and-by, into view. But you would never have seen them, nor known of them, if you had for ever stayed far out at sea.

And it is this staying far out at sea that makes men think only of the great events of

earth, and the great deeds of heroes; though it would be better far if men could learn to feel that, in the midst of Earth's great deeds, the life of common humanity runs on as ever; and that men of like passions with themselves, who love and hate as they do, may be, are, and were, heroes of Heaven and God!

And so, this May, 1688, with the mighty mind of England stirred, as seldom before it was ever stirred; and with heroes preparing, some consciously and others not, to take a heroic part, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded—and more, they hated, and loved.

His Majesty, King James the Second, was beginning to be alarmed at the great fleet of the Dutch, and was, a little better than heretofore, looking after his own fleet.

His Majesty, on the 18th May, was waited upon by the Lords Bishops of Bath and Wells, Peterborough, Ely, Chichester, St. Asaph, and Bristol, who, at the Archbishop of Canterbury's, the Saturday before, agreed to petition the King to recall his order to read in their churches his illegal Declaration of Indulgence.

His Majesty was told by the bishops that they could not be parties to the reading of it; for that they had consciences, and had some regard for laws. For this reason, and not from want of tenderness towards Dissenters, they said they were bound to refuse to obey the King's commandant; which they sore grieved at, and hoped his Majesty would not place them in such a strait.

His Majesty, not being unused to anger, got angry; and, having sat out bloody boot work, threatened after the Stuart fashion.

Threats, however, and anger notwithstanding, only four clerical slaves were found, that 20th of May, in a hundred London parish churches. The spirit of the rest was that of Samuel Wesley, father of John Wesley, a curate in London, who for his text did well that he took those noble words:—"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

And to London came news of terrific earthquake in Peru, burying Lima in ruins, and hurrying, as at the Flood, by great destruction, many a soul to endless doom.

And yet not all the great upheaving of the mind of England, and not all the gathering gloom over Ireland, occupied the thoughts of Jasper Harrington so much as the cloud that had hid from him the beaming smiles of little Annie Wharton.

For so it was.

How it was, Jasper could never tell; but he had not been near the cottage since the evening that Annie had lingered so long on the way.

Was it that he wanted to make his sister think he did not care about Annie? Or had Charlotte stirred his pride by some hints as to Annie's undisguised liking for him?

When once a train of thought is suggested, the mind dwells and dwells upon it; and a hundred real or fancied occurrences are made to do duty, in curious fashion, very much to their own surprise, no doubt.

So, very likely there was some mocking hint of Charlotte's visited on poor Annie's unconscious head; and Jasper, thinking himself very manly and independent, was resolved to show that he would not have people jumping at conclusions about him and his affairs.

But, as has been said, whatever the reason,

the fact was that not a sight of Jasper had Annie got for ever so many days.

And of course, all that time she was busying her little head with wondering why it was. And, of course, she thought of that last evening, and wondered whether Charlotte had said anything to Jasper, to keep him away. Perhaps he would come to-night? But he didn't come. Perhaps he would come to-morrow night? But to-morrow night passed without bringing Jasper.

And all that time it was a curious thing that Charlotte never said a cross thing to Jasper. Often and often had she been used to rov him, and scold him, and give it to him, as young ladies do manage sometimes to row, and scold, and give it to people. But all that time she never allowed herself to say an angry word to him.

He was her dear Jasper, and her good bother, and her sensible old boy, and so on. But never a plague, and a pest, and a torment, as he used to be.

It is curious, nevertheless, that Jasper was not sufficiently grateful for the chang. It seemed, somehow, as if everything went across

the grain with him. He was restless, and fidgety, and cross; and by no means as smooth-spoken or as brotherly as he ought to have been to so good a sister.

And, you may be sure, all this time, never a word was spoken by either about Annie Wharton.

Was anybody's pillow ever bedewed with tears, those nights?

Did anybody else lie tossing about, when the young owls were uttering their doleful strident cries?

The heart of the nation was ill at ease, that May; and so were the hearts of Annie Wharton and Jasper Harrington.

CHAPTER XII.

WOLFLAND.

WOLFLAND, at this time, was a nickname for Ireland. In the wilds, fierce, shaggy, savage creatures, with tongues of blood and eyes of fire, sought everywhere for prey.

And fierce, savage creatures, not wolves, were prowling about everywhere with deadlier fangs, and crueller hate than the beasts that came creeping out of their lairs, among the hills and crags of Kenmare and Killarney.

These deadlier and more savage creatures were the levies of Tyrconnel, filled with fierce hate for the Saxon race, and panting to draw the blood of those whom they looked upon with feelings of revenge, as but lately they had viewed them with feelings of envy.

Nor were the scarcely concealed sneers of the disbanded and cashiered army likely to

smooth down the bad passions of the new one. Captains and lieutenants who saw their fathers' cowherds and horseboys promoted to their lost commissions, and hobbling about, with awkward gait, in boots and sword, could not be blamed if they heartily laughed at the new soldiers of King James. Nor was it to be expected that the loyal and faithful Protestant soldiery, who had seen their places filled by rapparees and traitors, would silently endure indignities and insults from those who came forth from filthy sties, to live upon the plunder of the Protestants, and twopence a day.

There was a sinking of heart all over the North, in every Protestant home, and a dreary foreboding everywhere of what was to come.

High over-head there hung a black and dismal cloud. Down on the earth the air was heavy and oppressive. It was difficult to breathe; many found it harder to hope, and not a few ceased even to live.

And these soldiers of Tyrconnel carried it with high hand, everywhere.

A regiment had come to Belfast, and were plundering, and beating, and cursing outlandish Irish curses at the people, after a fashion that

even Tyrconnel himself could hardly have outdone.

Jasper Harrington had been in Belfast one day, and heard tidings of their deeds. One ruffian, in the uniform of an officer, had been particularly conspicuous; and, as Jasper asked his name, he staggered past, intoxicated, and Jasper needed not further question.

He could not fail to recognise Lieutenant Shane O'Neil.

"Hah! Master Harrington," stuttered O'Neil, "I have met you at last!"

And O'Neil attempted to approach him.

A young Protestant who knew Harrington, and desired to spare him an attack from the drunken ruffian, just then happened to be passing.

Putting out his foot, he tripped up O'Neil, and sent him spinning into the street, on his head.

Then he hurriedly whispered to Jasper, "For God's sake, sir, get out of this, or he'll murder ye. He's the divil's own mother's son!"

Jasper followed the advice thus given, and turned into a lane, leading down by an orchard, where the apple-trees were thickly laden with the young and swelling fruit.

He did not return to his home that night, for he desired to learn tidings of the great doings in England, and what men were saying of the prospects of the land.

But, on the morrow, he got away early. He had seen nothing more of his antagonist of the "English Oak." Nor did he care to see more of him. The time had not come yet for justice; at least for the justice that Jasper hoped, and could wait, for.

He wondered, riding along at his leisure, when that time would come, and whether this Prince of Orange, that whispers were beginning to be heard of, would help to bring it about.

And he wondered——

Hah! what was that? A faint suppressed scream? And this old Elijah's farm, too. What could it mean? Dare he ask? Why had he never since gone to see little Annie?

Good God! Could it be Annie's scream? Could any ill have happened to her? Could any ill be happening now?

Where should he go? Whence had the scream come? How should he find out?

There was the wild, whinny knowe, with the

great rugged hawthorn bush, under which he knew that Annie often sat. But he could not plainly see it from his horse, for a high hedge concealed it from the narrow pathway along which he rode.

Hush! There is a motion in the hedge. The tall hawthorns shake and tremble, and a little brown hedge-sparrow flies out in a fright across to the elder-bush beyond.

Hush! Why is it that Jasper's heart beats double quick? Why does he flush as he watches the trembling hedge? Why is he not listening now, but looking?

The hedge parts, and——it is——

Away goes the flush from his face, and pallor comes instead, as the weird and haggard form of Mary Gilbert comes in view.

Poor Mary! Could the scream have been hers? Poor Mary! Yet their is relief in that sigh too, as, with clouded eyes, she stared at him, trying to get back some glimpse of that reason that God gave and incarnate fiends took away.

A sigh of relief.

That scream! Heavens! It must be——

Just that time, and Jasper dashes through

the hedge, up the hill, on to the whinny knowe, and the old rugged hawthorn tree.

That scream! And poor Mary wakes to something like life, as she looks after him, and shakes her head, whispering to herself—

"Ay, ay!"

She is under the old hawthorn, on the grass.

But how?

With all disordered tresses hanging wildly down; her head bent forward as she sits. One foot thrust out, with spasmodic energy, as spurning some evil thing away. Her left hand pressed tightly on her bosom that, with thick and hurried beat, is heaving.

And this left hand—see, Jasper!—grasped tightly, and sought to be withdrawn, by the rude and ruffianly fingers of the son of Owen O'Neil!

Who bends on one knee over the little maiden, and insults her by his offered embrace.

See, Jasper!

That will do. It is enough for all of us. And it will be enough, perhaps, for this soldier of Tyrconnel, unless St. Dominic be quick in his rescue of villains.

"Dastard! ruffian!" shouted Harrington, striking him over the head with the knotted stick he carried.

"Ay, ay!" half yelled poor Mary.

"Son of a murderer! Take that!"

"Ay, ay; Owen O'Neil's in hell!" was the ready cry of the maniac.

And then, seeing that he lay senseless under the hawthorn tree, Jasper bent down over the fainting form of Annie Wharton.

"Dearest Annie! Annie, darling!" he cried distractedly, as she covered her face with both her hands.

But Annie spoke not, nor yet fainted quite; only uttered a low and plaintive moan.

"Annie, let me take you home!"

And shuddering, nevertheless, as she rose, but yet rising, the poor girl walked totteringly along in half crouching attitude, as if crushed by a feeling of shame.

And so, getting home at last, old Elijah met them at the door.

To Jasper's dying day he never could forget the look that Master Brown gave as they met.

"God's curse on this Shane O'Neil!" was

all that Jasper said, as he left the cottage in hot haste.

"Ay, ay!" muttered again the poor creature, who wakened up to some sort of life at mention of the name of that cruel race.

And Annie Wharton, cowering down in the corner, like hare hunted to the death, moaned bitterly,—

"Oh! oh! oh!"

At the hawthorn tree Jasper was then alone.

When he returned to it, as, be sure, he did return, not a trace could be discovered anywhere of Shane, the son of Owen.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHANE O'NEIL.

O'NEIL had been found by some of his soldiers, lying under the hawthorn tree. They had not very much respect for him. They thought he had got into a drunken squabble. He was accustomed to do this. Not once, nor twice, had he been found lying as now. But still he was of the Holy Religion. He must not be left to the tender mercies of the Northern heretics.

So they took him up.

"Holy Vargin!" shouted one.

"Blood an' ounds!" cried another.

"Musha, look here!" said a third.

"Wheest!" roared a fourth.

And then they hoisted him on their shoulders, and trudged off with him towards Belfast.

There was great excitement there, when they

returned, among their comrades. Not on account of the figure that O'Neil cut; not at all. They did not care very much about the young man. He bullied them, and swore at them, and kicked them, and cut at them, when he was drunk, and when he was sober.

So there was no love lost in that quarter.

News had come to the town that the regiment was to return at once to Dublin. The Colonel had been rather shaky, when the despatch arrived from Tyrconnel. It was marked, "Haste, haste, post haste." But the Colonel didn't care. It might wait, he said, damn it.

And it might have waited long enough, indeed, before he would have attended to it, had not a renegade schoolmaster been at hand, who eyed it curiously, and then said,—

"From the Lord Deputy, Colonel."

"What d—d—does he w—w—want?"

"Would you read it, Colonel?"

"Read it for me!"

This was just what the rascal wanted. He was dying to see the news, and he knew the Colonel never could read a word.

So he read.

"To the Colonel——, at Belfast: these:—"

"Oh, come," said the Colonel, "what's it about? Don't bother with all that stuff."

"An order from the Lord Deputy to march to Dublin, without delay——"

"Damn it!"

"—— as certain regiments from Ireland are to be sent across the Channel, to do his Majesty service in England."

"Hurroo!" shouted the Colonel, jumping up.

And half a dozen officers ran in to see what it was all about. Nothing could they hear, however, for ever so long, except the Colonel's voice "hurroo"-ing away, like mad.

At last he stopped "hurroo"-ing, just long enough to say, "We're for England;" and then he went at it again.

This time he had a chorus.

For the whole half-dozen set up such a hullabaloo, that poor people passing began to think something dreadful was going to take place; and one man affirmed that the officers were setting on the men, then and there, to murder, and slay, and burn, and destroy.

And it was in the midst of this excitement

that Shane O'Neil was borne into the presence of his fellow-officers, having with difficulty been brought from Lisburn to Belfast; not all the way, however, on the shoulders of the men, for they soon got tired of his weight, and made not the least scruple of seizing a good horse from a Protestant, and placing him across its back.

"What has come on him?" asked a promoted ploughman.

"Foighting?" questioned a promoted tory.

"Drunk?" suggested a promoted rapparee.

"Be the ghost ov me dead ould grandmother, but he's got bate!" said another; and this seemed to be the most favourite theory.

And they shook down some straw for him, and left him to come to; though it might have been supposed that the rough ride from the whinny knowe would have produced animation.

At last a soldier, more considerate than the rest, got a pail of cold water, and dashed it over him; watching the effect, as he might be supposed to have done if he had been splashing it over the dusty fetlocks of a tired roadster.

The opening eyes of O'Neil showed him, at

last, that the water had done its work. So he left off. He knew that he would be cursed, or kicked, if he continued the operation, after O'Neil revived.

This considerate soldier's name was Peter Taafe. He came from Drogheda, where his reputed father, a friar, had by Cromwell's soldiers, on the 11th September, 1649, been made an end of.

The soldiers were soon on their march to Dublin.

Shane O'Neil grumbled a little, as he imagined that he was ill-used, not being able to stay to have his revenge on Harrington.

But the rest of them were not sorry to get out of the North. They had not spent too comfortable a time there. Some of them had been beaten, on their forays, and a few of them had mysteriously disappeared.

Not very much inquiry was made after missing men; for it was generally found that good evidence could be rendered of very cruel and very lawless conduct on their part. So it was thought as well to hush up the loss sustained, and to remain as quiet as might be, in the interest of King James.

Newry was passed, and Dundalk, on the march; and at last they reached the mud hovels of Drogheda.

Crowds of wild and fantastic figures greeted them as the saviours of their country, and the avengers of the saints that Cromwell had put to the slaughter.

Peter Taafe ran to his hut, and met his lanky, black-haired wife, who threw herself into his arms in greatest joy at seeing him.

He had been happy at home with his wife and his pig, till Lord Tyrconnel required his services, and then he was quite ready to leave pig and wife, and avenge the death of Father Peter Taafe.

"Where did they kill Father Peter?" asked Shane O'Neil, strutting up.

"Come, and I'll show ye, sir," replied his namesake.

"It was a bloody shame!"

"Troth an' it wus!"

"And all for nothing, too; for sure it was only right to fight against this Oliver Cromwell, the roundhead rascal!" said O'Neil.

"It was but raysonable, in troth; seeing as

how they had charms, an' gospels, an' scapulars, an' a tooth ov St. Christopher, an' a toe ov St. Peter, an' a thorn out ov the crown of the Saviour, an' a bit ov the thrue cross!"

"Had they now?" asked O'Neil.

"Och! in troth, never a word ov a lie in it; an' they went round the town, and by St. Peter's Church, an' up be the Tower, at St. Sunday's gate, an' all to no use; for the bloody curse ov Cromwell came down on them, with it all,"

"Didn't he summon the Governor to surrender?"

"Ov course he did; but the Governor wouldn't; an' a power ov the boys had been at the sport in the North, in '41; an' they thought they could bate him, d'ye see?"

How they thought a little wrong in this matter is known pretty well. It is known that the "bitterness," as Oliver calls it, was intended by him, not for cruelty, as rose-water writers say, but to "save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God."

As it did, doubtless.

But, of course, all this could not be very

well appreciated by the regiment now halted at Drogheda, on their way to Dublin; reaching the metropolis, as they did, next day, and leaving behind them, for a while, the banks of the Boyne.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOOSEBERRY GATHERING.

WILLIAMFIELD Garden was rich in gooseberry bushes. Captain William Harrington had brought the plants over from England. He had brought over, too, a famous recipe for making gooseberry wine; and, in sunny summer days, there was always much merry and pleasant work, when it came to making of the wine.

There was a long row of bushes, margining a rivulet, in which shone often the pinky light of the berries hanging thick upon the bushes, by the water. Down among these bushes came many a merle and mavis, furtively, and flew off, with beak buried in the juicy fruit, that was carried to a grey ash-branch in the grove, to be eagerly swallowed.

When the gooseberries were ripe, Jasper

Harrington used sometimes to watch this row, with his gun, in hopes of surprising, not the melodious mavis and merle, but greedier and more destructive plunderers, that came, sometimes in dozens, and lighted down among the bushes, with flapping wing.

But rarely indeed was it that these robbers let Jasper get a shot at them, as, timid and wary, they ceased their movements for a moment, and flew away.

A pity—is it not?—that anything of such musical note as the ringdove should be mischievous at all. Yet here is Nature's invariable post-paradisiacal law. The bird that gathers and devours the rich, ripe fruit that you would save, is the same that, when the fruit was only blossom, and the early bee was seeking it for honey, used to charm by its mournful melody, as it swayed to and fro on the outmost twig of yon o'erhanging branch, its skyey robing glinted upon by the evening sun.

When this long row of bushes was stripped of its treasure, there was generally a merrier day than ordinary. Of late years, and ever since she was a child, Annie Wharton had helped at the gathering.

"Oh! do let me help!" she had said, one day, long ago, and she had come, but had not very much helped.

And then, in after years, it was, "When are the gooseberries to be pulled?"

Meaning thereby when will come the merry day when I, Annie Wharton, have a prescriptive right to come over to Williamfield, and do as much gooseberry picking as I like, and as much laughing and talking, too? For a good while, the laughing and talking exceeding in quantity the gooseberry picking by a very great deal.

But, last year, though there was a good deal of talking and laughing, there was plenty of work done; and nobody in all the garden gathered as much fruit, and filled as many dishes and bowls, as the grand-daughter of good Master Elijah Brown.

And now, the gooseberries were to be gathered to-morrow, and there was no word of Annie. That she had not sent or come to ask about the picking, nobody wondered.

There was but little intercourse between Williamfield and Brown's cottage now. On all sides, there was rather a shrinking off; nothing

very positive or defined in it, but equally as effective as if there had been.

So Charlotte Harrington was somewhat startled to hear, as she sat sewing, this question of Jasper,—

"Is Annie coming to-morrow?"

It was the naturalest thing in the world that Charlotte should redden at this question. She had not heard much from Jasper of that O'Neil affair, but she had heard plenty from other people—plenty more, too, than she need have heard, if she had been very cordially moved towards Annie; and very much more than she would have heard, if she had only listened to the truth.

It was natural enough, too, that Jasper, not being answered, should repeat his question in rather a preremptory manner; and get a considerable degree of red in his own face, by the mere force of sympathy.

To the repeated question, Charlotte answered in a low tone,—

"I don't know."

Jasper said nothing.

It was Charlotte's turn to put a question now, so she asked her brother,—

"Do you think she ought?"

And Jasper was puzzled a little by the question.

At last he said,—

"I'll tell you what, Charlotte."

"Well?"

"I'll go and ask her to come; and, if she ought, she will; and if she oughtn't, she won't."

Charlotte gave a little shrug of her shoulders, just enough to show that she did not quite believe in that system of reasoning. Still, she thought she might safely leave the matter thus, especially as Annie Wharton had never been near Williamfield since that evening we know of.

And, from what she had heard, she did not think it likely that Annie would come, especially after that evening.

On the whole, then, as the matter passed in quick review through her keen woman's brain, it seemed the safest plan to leave it as it was; and not, by any foolish show of opposition to Jasper, rouse up his feelings, and operate prejudicially upon them. Prejudicially, that is, as she viewed the matter.

So, without any opposition, she saw Jasper depart for the cottage; and, if the truth were told, sat sewing on much more confident of the result than Jasper was as he went whistling along.

As he reached the cottage, Annie was sitting under the sycamore tree, in her basket chair. She was looking up at the blackbird in its cage, and sighing. She did not seem to hear Jasper coming; though, strange enough, Jasper heard the sigh. He was listening, and she was dreaming.

For a moment, he hesitated, and then said, "Annie."

And she rose quietly, with faintest tinge of blush, and spoke to him.

"Good evening, Jasper," she said; and placed her hand quietly in his.

She looked pale, and did not laugh or smile, as she said this. The faint tinge of blush had gone away. Into Jasper's face came colour for both of them. Nor was this odd, when the object with which he came is remembered.

"To-morrow will be gooseberry-picking day, Annie; won't you come?" he stammered out.

"I think not," said the girl, softly.

"Why not?"

"Do you think I ought?" Annie asked.

Here was a poser for Jasper,—especially as it was this very question that he had decided that Annie was to answer for herself.

All that Jasper could think of, by way of reply, therefore was—

"You always did come, Annie."

Annie was silent.

"And you know you gathered far more than any of them last year, Annie," he went on.

"I think you must do without me this year," said Annie, in a low voice, and, Jasper thought, reluctantly.

"Well, you see, Annie, I wish you *could* come," he continued. "I told Charlotte I was sure if you ought to come, you would, and if—"

"If I oughtn't to come, I wouldn't; was that it?"

"Yes," said Jasper, somewhat confusedly.

"And did she think I oughtn't to come?"

"I don't know; it doesn't matter what she thought, Annie; don't you mind."

"But, if I don't go, will Charlotte think that it is because I oughtn't to go?"

"I suppose she will."

"Well, Jasper, I'll go," said Annie, looking into his face, with her clear blue eyes, so truthfully.

"I am very glad, Annie," said Jasper, in somewhat of a quivering voice; "it would not seem like gooseberry picking without you."

And so there was a farewell, and a promise that Annie would go over early to Williamfield; and then Jasper returned home.

"She's coming!" he said to Charlotte, still sitting sewing.

"Is she?" said Charlotte.

And that was all that passed between the brother and sister on the subject.

Next morning came little Annie, neat and trim, to the gate, and quietly walked up to the residence of the Harringtons.

Charlotte was trying to decide a question that many people try to decide. This was it. How, under certain circumstances, neither to be too stiff nor too cordial, but to be very *proper*. Conventional people would not, for the life of them, show that they were glad to see you if they were glad; nor would they show that they wished you at the antipodes, as

they far oftener do. For, indeed, conventional people, be it made known, very seldom are glad to see any one; and very often, only for their stuck-up habits, would show that they were very much the reverse.

Charlotte Harrington was not very glad to see Annie Wharton; and she did not wish to show that she was not. So she succeeded in being spasmodically cordial, as most people manage to be under similar circumstances.

Posed a little, too, she was, when Annie said,—

"I suppose you didn't expect me?"

"Well, dear, I didn't know."

"Perhaps you thought I ought not to come."

"Well, dear, I supposed that you would know best."

"But what did you think?"

"Well, really now," said Charlotte, "what *could* I think, you see?"

Annie said nothing to this. After a pause, she looked full into Charlotte's face, as she had looked into Jasper's when she said she would come, and asked her—

"What did Jasper think?"

Was she a little nervous as she asked this?

Or did it only seem so to Charlotte Harrington?

And why did Charlotte answer, quickly,

"Oh! you must ask Jasper himself."

Did not Charlotte feel satisfied, as she saw Annie blush at this, that she would *not* ask Jasper? Did not her own womanly feelings tell her that this was out of the question? Why was it that she did nothing to help poor Annie out of her difficulty, and give her ever so little encouragement to come to an explanation?

Annie's face was all rosiest red when she spoke next, in a low tone, and looking down.

"I see you have thought ill of me, Charlotte."

Charlotte was silent.

"I know not what I said, that night; I ought to have given thanks to Jasper, seeing all the—the wrong that he saved me from."

Can it be said that Charlotte was pleased to hear this? It would be injustice to let her lie under the weight of an accusation of such unwomanliness as would be implied by the statement that she was not. And yet, all the time she was revolving in her mind how she would be able to keep matters as they had been, when

a misunderstanding on the subject had been at its height.

She ought to have been melted, surely, when Annie took her hands, and looked into her face, and said,—

"Will you tell Jasper this, Charlotte dear?" And she did not say that she wouldn't tell him.

She kissed little Annie, as they went to the gooseberry picking. But it was not a true and honest kiss.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNJUST JUDGE.

"WELL, my Lord Chancellor, we get on tolerably."

"Blast me, Rice, if you do. Damn it, Fitton, I don't agree with the Chief Baron," said the Lord Deputy, striking the table, and addressing the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Sir Stephen Rice did not say anything. He did not like to cross Tyrconnel. He knew that the Lord Deputy was indebted to him for getting him out of more than one scrape. He knew that Tyrconnel could not get on well sometimes without him. But still he thought it better to try and keep him in good humour, and not say or do very much to vex him.

The Lord Chancellor struck in,—

"Why, the Act of Settlement——"

"Perdition seize the Act of Settlement!" cried the Lord Deputy.

"Leave that to me," said the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, "I'll drive a coach and six horses through it."

"You're damned slow, then, Rice; that's all I say," replied Tyrconnel.

"The Protestants don't think so, your Excellency."

"Curse the Protestants!"

"Only to-day, one was making a great row, because I said that his title looked a forgery," continued the Lord Chief Baron.

"Forgery!" ejaculated the Lord Chancellor.

"Damn the heretic! Of course it was a forgery," shouted the Lord Deputy, looking hard at the Lord Chancellor, and winking at Sir Stephen Rice.

Lord Chancellor Fitton pretended to laugh; but he didn't just like the turn that the conversation had taken. He had rather an uncomfortable feeling when anything was said about forgeries; for he couldn't help thinking chat people's minds were always dwelling upon the wonderful call he received to the King's favour, and how, like one of Pharaoh's ser-

vants, he had been taken from prison and promoted, whereas he better deserved the fate of the other—hanging!

Just now, however, as he was dining with the Lord Deputy, he must not fail in good manners.

So he cursed.

"Damn the heretic! He and his are all rogues; there's not one in forty thousand of them that's not a villain!"

"Ay are they, and blasted traitors, all of them!" Tyrconnel said, with another bang down of his hand on the table.

"Who was the fellow? A Northern, I dare say," continued the Chancellor.

"Yes; Harrington was his name."

"Did you finish the case?"

"No; to-morrow we will."

"Will he gain his cause, Rice?" asked the Lord Deputy.

And Sir Stephen Rice, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, threw back his head, decorously, and laughed,—

"Ha! ha! ha!"

So did the Lord Chancellor, when he had appreciated the joke.

And so did the Lord Deputy, as the party broke up.

Jasper Harrington's success was omened ill for, by all this mirth and merriment.

When Shane O'Neil's regiment left Belfast for Dublin, Jasper had imagined that he was well rid of a very troublesome and hostile personage. He had learned from Baldwin Leighton, when the regiment arrived in Dublin, that O'Neil had been seen walking in some of the meadows near the College with a Popish lawyer, and had been heard to utter mysterious threats against Harrington. Jasper took no notice of this. He readily supposed the threats to refer to that quarrel in the North; and, as for the lawyer, Jasper, being a soldier, had a very low opinion of that class of people.

But, a week after the gooseberry gathering, a very urgent letter from his friend called him up to Dublin, to defend an action of ejectment that was being brought against him, in the Court of Exchequer, by Shane O'Neil; who claimed to be the heir of the former owner of that property which had been granted, for his valour and loyalty, to Captain William Harrington.

There had been little delay in pressing on the suit, and less attention to all ordinary legal forms. Indeed, that any forms were gone through at all in the matter is rather surprising, seeing the inevitable result to which all such actions tended.

Of this Jasper was scarcely aware, till, on the morning of the trial, he arrived at the "English Oak," and met Leighton there, in a great state of excitement.

"Why, Harrington, how long you have been! Your cause comes on to-day."

"Does it? Of course this fellow will make nothing of his action."

"Will he not? Is that all you know of Stevie Rice?"

"What do you mean, Leighton?"

"Mean? That Rice played away all his own property, and now he's playing away the property of every Protestant that comes into his court."

"But I'll appeal to England."

"There's no appeal from the Exchequer, my poor friend, I'm sorry to say."

"What's to be done?"

"Faith, I don't know, Harrington; heartily sorry for you."

"Well really this is——; but I can't believe things are so bad as you make them out; I cannot, indeed!"

Leighton shook his head and said nothing. He had seen enough of the practice of the Courts to know that his view of the case was only too correct. And he feared that Jasper would agree with him, only too soon. So he let him live a little longer on hope.

And who of us, with heart at all, would diminish one hour, one moment, of the hope of a friend? Who of us, seeing a cherished one fading away, and loving eyes still looking hopefully on waning bloom, would bid the eyes grow dim before their time, and seek the clammy soil where the worm is crawling? Who of us, over the grave, would stand and say, "Hope not, fond fool! Despair, rather! Be a man; curse God; and die?"

Hope came to poor man after loss of Paradise. Before that, everything was in possession; there was nothing to hope for. After that, when all was lost, Hope came, with hang-

ing head, and trembling lip; and taking man's hand, bade him look upward.

And, ever since, in many a dark and dreary hour, when life, and light, and love seemed departing, Hope came to the soul, and the soul lived, and went on to love, and to believe, because it had begun to hope.

Devils do many things, and men help them in their deeds; but, of all the men that go partnership with Satan in his eternal-perdition trade, he does the best business for the head of the firm who from any mortal bosom for ever drives away Hope!

But Jasper's hope, certainly, did not last much longer than that day in the Court of Exchequer. Still, as the case was not finally disposed of, he could not believe the worst.

Next day, it came on again.

The Lord Chancellor was there, beside the Lord Chief Baron. People had given up wondering at the eccentricities of the Lord Chancellor, and of the Courts, or they would have wondered to see him there.

Jasper's title was apparently good enough. However, Sir Stephen Rice, after examination of it, pronounced it bad, informal, illegal; very

likely forged; and decided that the property was to revert to the representative of the original possessor.

Then Shane O'Neil, all exultant, proved that he was the son of Owen O'Neil, and that Owen O'Neil had been seized of the property now called Williamfield, near Lisburn, in the county of Antrim.

Up stood a tall, wiry man, with long frieze cloak, and made some attempt, not altogether unsuccessful, to make himself understood in English.

"Och! may I spake?" he shouted.

"Who are you?" asked the Chief Baron.

"I'm the rale Shane O'Neil!"

"It's a lie, my lord," said the other.

"Holy Vargin! Tear an' ages! Is it *me* tell a lie!"

"It's a lie, my lord!" continued Shane, in a very excited state, rushing over, and shaking his fist in the other's face.

"Niver a lie is it at all! He's only a bodagh's daughter's bastard!" yelled the tall fellow, drawing a skean, and making at Harrington's old antagonist.

"The villain! to dare to take my mother's

name in his mouth!" shouted Shane, fiercely excited.

The whole court was in an uproar. The rival claimants were making at each other, with flashing eyes and veins starting up in their foreheads.

"Get between them, some of you!" roared the Lord Chancellor, in a loud voice; which he needed to do, to be heard above the din. And he pointed to Leighton, as if he expected him to interfere. Of course that gentleman had not the slightest intention of meddling in the matter; so he only shrugged his shoulders, and prepared to move away.

Here a priest, who was in the court, hurried forward, and put a hand on each.

"My sons, what is this? Peace, peace, my sons!"

The rivals glared at each other, but they did not attempt to fight now. Each, not much loving the other, had too great fear of the holy father to dare to disobey.

Father Bernard Donovan, having thus caused a cessation of hostilities, as civilised people would say, begged to be permitted to tell his story.

Which he did, at too great length to be given here.

The upshot of it was that he pronounced our friend Shane to be the real son, and true heir, of Owen O'Neil.

The Court, of course, being bound to believe a priest, confirmed Shane's claim, and he was now to be put in possession of Jasper's pleasant place.

The correctness of the priest's testimony will not be called in question. Although there never was any corroboration of it, it was never contradicted.

Unless that could be called such which was overheard by Harrington and Leighton, as they left the court, the tall pretender to the property scowling on his successful rival, and muttering—

"Troth an' a bodagh's daughter's bastard he is; for she confessed it to the praste, before she died. They didn't see me hidin', an' listenin'; but I wuz. A bodagh's daughter's bastard he is, and was swapped in the fostering; an' Father Barney Donovan's his father, too."

CHAPTER XVI.

OMENS.

"We must have High Mass to-morrow, in honour of the King," said Lord Tyrconnel to the Popish archbishop, coming to the castle on the 13th of October.

"Very well, your Excellency, be it so," replied the ecclesiastic, rubbing his hands together, in high glee at the great progress Popery was making in Ireland.

"By-the-bye, did your Grace hear the tidings from Holland?" asked Tyrconnel, in a lower tone.

"Nothing of recent date."

"No? There is something astir there, depend upon it."

"Of what nature?"

"The Prince of Orange means mischief," replied Tyrconnel.

"These heretics always are viperish; would to Heaven we could crush them all!" ejaculated the archbishop, looking up to heaven as he spoke.

A raven flew over his head. It sailed away slowly towards the sea. It was about to prey upon some unclean thing, lying rotting away out of sight.

As the archbishop looked up, with such sort of pious glance as one, under the circumstances, might expect, the raven, in hoarse and hollow voice, cried "Cro—ak!"

The archbishop was superstitious.

He glanced at the Lord Deputy, scarcely knowing whether or not to notice the bird, till he should see whether it had been noticed by Tyrconnel.

When he saw that it had, he ventured to observe—

"A bad omen, my Lord Deputy!"

"God blast it!" shouted Tyrconnel, in a fury, not willing to confess that he had been thinking the same thing himself.

And this, you see, was the sort of preparation for celebrating the King's birthday on the morrow.

Before mass there was a letter from the King for the Lord Deputy.

"The Prince of Orange is surely coming," he wrote.

"Of course he is!" said Tyrconnel to himself.

"But I will not give in——"

"Good king!"

"For the Virgin will interfere, and save her son."

"Jesus or James?" irreverently ejaculated Tyrconnel, rather reddening as he saw one in waiting to announce that mass was just about to be celebrated, and that the archbishop was impatient.

Now, just as they were at mass there came a gust of wind that made the Lord Deputy start.

He scarcely heeded the bowing of the celebrants, and almost forgot to prostrate himself at the elevation of the Host.

With that gust the wind, which had been westerly, changed to the east. Leaving the chapel, he felt the biting blast, and cursed, as was his fashion; not because the blast was biting, but because the wind was east, and because he knew that thousands of people in

England and Ireland were praying for such a wind, to bring the Prince of Orange over.

"God confound the wind!" he muttered.

It blew a strong, stiff breeze.

"His Majesty is not fortunate to-day, methinks," ventured a courtier.

Tyrconnel replied with an oath.

"The darkened sun——"

"Confound the sun! Why, sirrah, dost thou talk of this eclipse as if it had aught to do with the King?"

"Pardon, your Excellency, I meant it not so; but still it chilled one. And this east wind——"

"Ay, this east wind," said the archbishop, chiming in, "is a bad thing. It brought an invading army once to England."

"Did it, faith?" asked Tyrconnel.

"And on this very day, or my scholarly lore is at fault, the victory was gained over Harold by the army of William the Conqueror."

"Lucky, then, I sent over those soldiers to aid his Majesty," said the Lord Deputy, "else there might have been another William the Conqueror in England."

"Well said, my Lord Tyrconnel, well said,"

replied the archbishop, as he departed, leaving the Lord Deputy to curse the wind, the sun, and the Prince of Orange.

Just as the poor Protestants of Dublin were, in fear and trembling, going to their churches to worship God.

"Well, Harrington," said Leighton, who walked along with his friend, "what think ye of the times?"

"Think? I think that if this Prince of Orange is coming, it is time he laid to his hand," replied Harrington.

"He is coming," whispered Leighton.

"Say you so, of a surety?"

"Yes; he is coming. To-day, to-morrow, or the next day, he may set sail. Everything is ready; and the people will thank God for this easterly wind."

"I was thinking of this as we walked along."

"What do you mean to do, Harrington?"

"Verily, I know not."

"Seek the Prince of Orange's employment."

"I desire not to leave Ireland," said Harrington, reddening slightly; "for weal or woe, my lot is cast in with this land."

"Many good and brave men are leaving, and such soldiers of fortune as you and I have but little to cause us to stay."

"True; very true. Still, if the Prince should come, it would be well that he had some friends in this place," Harrington answered, as they entered the church.

They were late. The clergyman was reading the psalms.

"*Deliver me, O God, out of the hand of the ungodly: out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.*"

These were the words that fell from the lips of Dr. King, as Harrington and Leighton took their places quietly.

Involuntarily they exchanged glances, and the hearts of the soldiers were touched with a strange feeling, as they looked upon those poor persecuted ones, met together in these adverse days, to seek, in the service of the Holy One, strength and consolation.

Nor had the effect of the service worn away as they wandered out to Clontarf, after it was over, to look upon the sparkling ripples of the sea.

It was wild enough, and cold enough, that

October day, but the sun would come out through the clouds and shine upon the water, tossed up by that easterly wind which was the answer of Heaven to that prayer in the psalm.

Far out to sea wandered the gaze of Harrington.

The waves were before him, rolling over the sand, as they had rolled for many thousand years. And the clouds were as waves on the other sea, beyond which was the shore where the angels walked, under the sunshine of the smile of God.

But none of these sights moved him.

He was thinking of that cottage away in the North, where the sycamore leaves would be blown over the roof by the wind.

And as he thought, there came a passionate longing over him to see little Annie, and ask her to share with him whatever fate, for good or ill, was before him.

It came upon him there, standing by the seashore and listening to the sound of the plashing waves.

It came upon him, and it grew and grew till he felt as if he would go mad. For with it there came a boding of ill, and a wretched,

miserable feeling of a great wall of separation that love could not get over for ever and ever.

And then he began to reproach himself for leaving undone what he ought to have done, and a dark, dreary thing shaped itself before him into irrevocable fate.

If he had been alone he would have flung himself upon the sand, or rushed along, to escape from himself. But now he had to crush the thing into his soul, and try to be as he deemed it proper that a man should.

Yet his friend was startled to hear him exclaim, as he looked on the sea—

"Fool! fool! fool!"

CHAPTER XVII.

LIGHT.

"PRAISE the Lord, he has come!"

"Oh, welcome, uncle Peter! We wondered much what made you so long delay," exclaimed Annie Wharton, throwing her arms round the neck of the speaker, and then leading him into the cottage.

"Where is your grandfather, lassie?"

"He is out about some new trouble with the Williamfield people," said Annie, looking grave.

"The Harringtons?"

"No, no," replied the maiden, hastily, "they are not there, now; they have left. One of Tyrconnel's men has got the place, and put a quarrelsome fellow in, to hold it for him."

"I heard not this ill news. He was manly and well favoured, that Harrington."

Annie blushed quite red. She said nothing in reply, except,—

"Here is grandfather."

For, just then, Master Elijah Brown made his appearance, wearing a very wrathful countenance; as well he might,—one of his best beasts having been found killed, just inside the precincts of Williamfield.

"Bad times, bad times, Peter!" was his salutation.

"He's come!" was the answer.

"Who?"

"The Prince of Orange."

"Praise be to the Lord Almighty, who has not given over his sheep as a prey to the wolves," piously said Master Elijah; and he, verily, felt as he spoke.

"Ay, the news is glorious, man; it would make the very dead saints almost sing for joy. Would to God some of them had lived to see this day!"

"But how heard ye the news?"

"It came to Belfast, over from Scotland, and they say there have been grand doings, on the Prince's march."

"I doubt it not."

"They say it was a great sight to see his standard borne along, with the words, 'I will maintain the Protestant religion and the liberties of England.'"

"God has raised up a deliverer for us; to Him be glory and praise, for ever."

"Amen!"

The response came from the doorway. It startled all those assembled inside. But none so much as the little maiden, who blushed and trembled all over.

"Oh! Jasper!" she cried, half starting forward, and then standing still, with her eyes bent upon the ground.

The reason of this was that it flashed upon her mind that Charlotte Harrington must have explained everything to Jasper; and yet that Jasper had never been near her since.

"Well, Annie," exclaimed Jasper, "how are you? Well, Master Elijah, the Deliverer has come!"

"Ay, Jasper."

"Grand news, sir; grand news," uncle Peter chimed in.

"Not for my Lord Tyrconnel," said Jasper

with a smile, drawing over towards the fire that was burning upon the hearthstone.

"Methinks," said Elijah Brown, nodding his head slowly up and down, as the fashion of some reflective people is; "methinks that there will be yet some trouble in the land; and that the sons of Belial will not, all at once, cease to sport themselves in the heritage of the Lord."

"There is great dismay among the Papists, now," Jasper observed.

"But natural. This will not last, it may be. They will take heart speedily, if there should be delay in settling things in England."

"And how will they settle things?" Annie ventured to ask.

Jasper looked at her.

The question showed much progress in thought, and more care for public matters than the maiden at sixteen a year ago had been wont to exhibit.

But people made great progress in thought, and in action, too, those days.

Loyal people, even, vowing and protesting that they would never, under any circum-

stances, desert the King, found themselves, a few days after, in the camp of the Prince.

The process, probably, was somewhat after this fashion.

A king, a court, a tradition of loyalty, and a general confused idea that it would be the unpardonable sin to adulterate the anointing oil.

Then, a kind of mental chemistry, in which the anointing oil was resolved into its component parts; and found not to have any divinity in it, after all.

Wonder, next, whether there was any divinity anywhere in the matter.

Marvellous flight of some profound talker on "divine right," and "implicit obedience."

"What is prudent, now?"

(Not what is right?)

Who is to win? Prince or King?

Prince!

Hurrah for the Prince of Orange!

And so some respectable people went over. One or two, and one or two more.

And they will be busy, doing the same thing always on such occasions.

Specially abusing you and me, if we say so, you know!

You and I, who know better, and have due respect for the people who do things because they are popular, and not because they are right, will keep never minding; and do just as we think is right.

Being sometimes a little in advance of other people.

And, therefore, duly prepared to suffer any amount of abuse; because other people, very excellent in their way, think it a very astonishing thing that they can really see the points of their own noses!

All this, you think, has very little to do with Annie Wharton.

Who, when Jasper looked at her, wondered he did not answer her question. But Jasper was too busy thinking, to answer it.

So uncle Peter took up the matter, and said,—

"God alone knows."

"I hope they'll give me back my own," exclaimed Jasper.

This opened the way for Annie to ask,—

"Where is your sister now?"

"Charlotte? She is in Londonderry."

"And is well?"

"Quite well."

"Are you going?" asked Master Elijah.

And that brought the bright red blushes into Annie's face.

The bright red blushes, the half-restrained breathing, the tightening of the lips, proved that she had great interest in that question.

And it was, of a certainty, a question of interest; is, oftentimes.

Oftentimes, too, it is asked silently; oftentimes by a quick glance from a loving eye; oftentimes by an electric pain-flush across the face.

"Are you going?"

Going; and I left; left to think on, and wear, and wear, all the time you are away; to wonder if you will come back; to wonder if you will remember; to see you, perhaps hereafter in memory only, and to think, for ever and for ever, why did you not stay?

And then, to ask the question of oneself. To linger on the "going." To hear the footfall fading and fading away, that bears destiny in it,—perhaps irrevocable destiny.

The question may be put by quite an indifferent person; is often, in fact; and to some one in the room may be of utmost moment.

And that some one may not show it; possibly dare not show it; and yet, in the waiting for the answer, or the taking home its full meaning to the heart, there may be just as much acutest agony as it is possible to bring to a needle-point to pierce into a heart that loves, from which all loved is going.

Not that Annie felt all this, by any means. Yet some of it she did feel. Some of it, as Jasper, not looking up, said,—

"Yes."

"Williamfield is a hold for every unclean and hateful bird, now, Jasper," old Brown said; and Jasper could see that Brown had some reason for this utterance.

The reply was, as you might expect from Jasper, very wrathful; and, seeing all the reason he had, it is not much to be wondered at.

With a glance at the young maiden, he would have talked of something other than this; but old Elijah's loss was too recent to permit him to pass it slightly over.

"A murdering, thieving crew this Shane O'Neil keeps in it!" he said.

That name again!

What a host of unpleasant things it brought back to memory!

It may be that you think there should not have been so much sensitiveness shown. It may be that you consider Annie a little fool for her pains. Very possibly you would not have allowed yourself to be so much put out, by the untoward circumstances which have been narrated. Not unlikely some one you know would have borne it better; even brazened it out.

But our little maiden was of another mould.

And she did not feel at all sure, now, that everything had been made clear to Jasper about this matter.

Suspicion came with mention of Charlotte; and you can readily believe that mention of Charlotte was made for the very purpose of, in a maidenly way, trying to get an idea as to whether the thing had been settled or not. There was an upward glance, that fell again, unsatisfied, this time.

And so, when the name was mentioned by her grandfather, she quietly rose, and went out to her seat under the sycamore.

That, you think, was a great piece of policy, considering that Jasper had found her there the day he came over to get her to go to the gooseberry gathering.

She should not have done so! She could not have done so, if she had been the little modest thing she has been made out to be! No girl would go so barefacedly, and make an opportunity for her lover to—to—to——. O indignation! To what?

No, no; you wont say what; for then, you see, that would show what *you* would do it for!

But you will let us tell?

Ay, and be very indignant, too, if that "what" is not just as you expected.

Of course it is impossible to guess what is expected. But there is Annie Wharton, sitting under the tree; and there is the evening star coming glimmering out, from under a cloud; and there is a golden horn of the moon, touching the chimney corner.

Will the cloud come over the star again?

Annie wonders whether it will, as she looks up at it in heaven, yonder.

And then, all of a sudden, a face came very close to hers; and warm and passionate was that first kiss. It was not resented, as you, of course, would have resented it, and as any "proper" person would have done.

Ah! there had been too much weary longing for love, and too much aching void, and too much great misery altogether, for those two hearts to be other than happy that all was ended now, as the golden horn of the moon rose above the corner, and the cloud cleared away off the evening star!

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE.

"My own Annie!"

"Jasper dear!"

And this response came low and lovingly, with a long-drawn sigh of perfect content, as if there had never been, and would never be, any such thing as misery, in this world at all.

There was silence then. They were too happy, too newly happy, to talk. Each felt the beating of the other's heart, and knew that it was full of love.

Love had cleared away all barriers between those hearts. There would be no more power of mischief in the world to divide, by misrepresentation, the one from the other.

Nothing had been said of the past; but

everything was felt to be true and clear by Jasper in that little soul that was joined to his under the stars. And that soul believed in Jasper's faith and truth as firmly as it believed that the stars were shining.

Jasper knew that Annie loved him; but, like some other people, after a while he wanted her to say so.

So he asked—

"Do you care about me, Annie?"

"Oh! Jasper!"

"But do you?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"I do."

"And how long have you cared about me?"

"Oh! ever so long."

"Why did you not tell me so?"

"Fie, fie, Jasper! How can you ask that?"

"I was only jesting, Annie darling; of course, I know you would not do this."

"Of course not, Jasper."

"But now you will be my own wife?"

"Me?"

"Yes, of course you will."

"Shall I?"

And Annie ventured to look up into Jasper's face. There was moonlight enough to show that he was looking down into hers.

And then——Oh! yes. Of course, everybody knows all about it; and there is not the slightest use in dwelling any longer upon that look, or telling what happened.

"Charlotte says I ought never to marry," said Annie, mischievously, after what happened.

"Bother Charlotte!" exclaimed Jasper, hastily.

"Perhaps she is right.'

This was said quite demurely.

"When did she give you that piece of advice?"

"Ever so long ago; one evening, at Williamfield."

"That evening you ran away so hurriedly?"

"Yes."

"And was that the reason of it?"

"It was."

"Did Charlotte say anything about—about me?"

"She did."

"What did she say?"

"Oh! that it wouldn't be proper to marry you, or something like that."

"And what did my Annie say?"

"That you had never asked me to marry you, Jasper."

"And did you bear all this teasing that night? But why wouldn't it be proper, according to Charlotte's notion, for Jasper Harrington to marry Annie Wharton?"

"Charlotte said I didn't ought to marry you, for you were a gentleman; and that I must never think of it, never!"

Foolish little Annie began to cry at this. The foolishness was considerable, we must admit, seeing that things had been going on as they had.

But girls have been known to cry at the narration of affairs in which they have borne a part, when they remembered that they had originally cried at that part of the transaction.

The thing is curious. We cannot explain it. There are many psychological riddles connected with girls that it is no part of our business to attempt to solve.

All that can be done is to narrate matters as

they occur, and leave other and wiser people to find out the reasons for everything.

And here was Annie crying now that all was right, because she had done the same when Charlotte scolded her for thinking about Jasper.

"Oh! but you must think of it, and of me, too, when I am away," said Jasper, merrily.

"And are you going?"

"I must go and see after Charlotte."

"Will you stay long in Londonderry?"

"Indeed, I do not know, Annie dear; not longer than may be."

"Do you know, I wish that you were not going, Jasper."

"Why do you wish that?"

"I know not any special reason, but yet I wish it, Jasper."

"All will soon be well, I trust, now that the Prince of Orange has come."

"And will you be back at Williamfield?" asked Annie, eagerly.

"I hope so; but it is getting cold without, Annie darling; the warm fire is the fittest place for you to-night."

Yet they were loath to part.

They lingered there, standing close together

Jasper's right arm supporting the maiden, while his other hand was linked in hers.

And then there came softly out a gentle sigh, as Jasper said,—

"Good night."

And the hands did not unclasp yet, but pressed each other tighter.

Nor could Annie muster up courage to return the "good night;" all she did was to sigh, and look up in Jasper's face.

And Jasper could have lingered there all night, for the love of that face, as the light fell upon it from the moon.

But just then the cottage door opened and old Elijah peered out into the night, and Annie made hasty motion to take away her hand.

It was tightly held; and the little face, half frightened, was turned towards the door, and again turned up to Jasper.

And then there was a "good night" act, finally, for the time had come. It could reasonably be delayed no longer. The old man was calling Annie, and Annie must away. So with a kiss, warm and loving, though the night was a November one, they parted.

Annie could not see Jasper looking after her, as she hurried in.

Nor could Jasper hear the question of old Elijah,—

"Was that some one leaving you, Annie?"

Annie, blushing, and looking down, said it was Jasper.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES.

"Oh! Jasper, did you hear the tidings?" exclaimed Charlotte Harrington, rushing forward to meet her brother, as he stood at the door, with his horse's bridle thrown over his arm, and his clothes covered with dust.

"About the letter?"

"Yes, yes, brother."

"I heard it in Belfast, coming hither; and be sure I failed not to spread the tidings on my way."

"Isn't it dreadful? What will become of us?"

"God only knows! I passed Lord Antrim's Papist crew on their way hither; and verily they are a villanous lot."

"It wants but a few days, now, to the 9th; one, two, three—Sunday, too; they do say that

these Papists always fix Sunday for any bloody deed of theirs."

"Be you from Belfast?" asked a young man, hurrying up to the traveller.

"I have been lately there, friend," Jasper replied.

"Know ye one, Master Peter Wharton?"

Jasper ventured a glance at Charlotte, and then said,—

"I do."

"Mr. Gordon telt me to ask if ye brought a message, or letter, from him."

"Who's Mr. Gordon?"

"Our minister."

"Well, tell your minister that Master Peter is well, but that he sent neither letter nor message by me."

And the youth departed.

"One cannot come here unnoticed, it seems," said Jasper, leading in his horse through the door to the yard at the back of the house.

"Truly, no," replied Charlotte, following him.

But not long had they of quiet. For there came a great knocking at the door, and a confused sound of clamorous voices without.

It was opened, and two strangers entered.

"You have seen these minions of Tyrconnel, sir?" asked one of the strangers.

"This is Mr. Gordon, the minister," whispered the little maid who had opened the door.

"Lord Antrim's men? yes, sir."

"And you have heard of this letter, announcing the intended bloody massacre, on the Sabbath?"

"It was the talk and terror of the whole North, as I travelled along," Jasper replied.

"Do you believe it?"

"I do."

"So do I; what's to be done?" chimed in another.

"Shut the gates, alderman; shut the gates," Mr. Gordon said.

"Hear till him!" cried the crowd, at the door.

"We must be prudent, though," said Alderman Tomkins.

"Maybe they're no comin'," suggested a Scotch citizen, not long a resident in Derry.

"There's not the least doubt of that," said Harrington; "I saw them on their way."

"Maybe they'll be for stappin' ootside the toun, then."

"I'm thinkin' ye're right there, Sandie," exclaimed a young man, with a laugh.

And the laugh was re-echoed by the crowd.

"Here they are! They're over the ferry!" shouted a young fellow, rushing breathless to the spot.

"To the guard, boys! To the guard!" cried Henry Campsie, hurrying off, followed by an excited throng.

To secure the keys, and rush to the Ferry-gate, was the work of a brief space.

Lord Antrim's soldiers were close at hand; they were not more than sixty yards from the gate; they were advancing rapidly.

The apprentice boys were equal to the work before them.

Up went the bridge, and bang went the Ferry-gate, and that work was done!

But there were three other gates. To close these was the next thing. And soon these swung to; Harrington lending a hand to shut Bishop's-gate.

So the Derry gates were closed in the face of King James's soldiers.

Very treasonable, this, and scandalous, many thought; and so told the youths now gathered in the market-place.

"The Bishop!" cried one, as the discussion waxed warm.

"Let us hear what he says," an alderman observed, having a pretty good idea what he would say, and therefore being the more anxious to hear it.

"My good friends, what's all this? what's all this?"

"We have closed the gates, my lord!" said one, firmly but respectfully.

"Open them; open them, at once!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the alderman.

There was an angry murmur from the crowd.

"Never, my lord!" exclaimed Campsie, "never!"

"It's treason; it's treason, this, I tell you!"

"Long live the Prince of Orange!" shouted another.

And the people gave a hearty and applauding "huzza."

"You sin against the Lord; you resist the Lord's Anointed—the Lord's Anointed, I tell you!" Bishop Hopkins emphatically urged.

"Never mind him, boys!" said Mr. Gordon.

"Sirrah," exclaimed the Bishop, in a rage, "you will yet repent this!"

"Go home, my lord; go home!" called out a voice, from the crowd.

"Listen to me. To resist the Lord's Anointed——"

"A very good sermon, my lord; a very good sermon," said Alexander Irwin; "but we have not time to listen to it, just now!"

And the Bishop, utterly disgusted that the Lord's Anointed was so irreverently set at nought in Derry, betook himself to his palace, and soon left the city where he could do so little for King James.

"Here's Mr. David Cairns," cried one, as a gentleman came to the assembled crowd.

"They have closed the gates, sir, and the Bishop is very angry," said Mr. Gordon, addressing him.

"Hah! Well?"

"And most of our leading men would counsel the youths to recall the Redshanks."

"No, no; the deed is done, and bravely done," said Mr. Cairns, "and we must now seek to hold our own."

And then he turned to the people assembled:

"Brother Protestants," he said, "a deed has been done this day that may be of great moment. Ye have given resistance to the Papist soldiers; illegally armed, it may be for the slaughter of yourselves, your wives, and children. Ye know of the letter writ to Lord Mount Alexander, and now of fame throughout all the North. And ye cannot but remember the sermon of the friar, here, in this city of Derry; wherein ye were set down as Amalekites, to be slaughtered by the servants of Saul. Further, ye have heard, without doubt, of masses celebrated everywhere for "Inteneragh," or the secret intention that the Romish priests have in mind; not having forgotten all that was done, in that miserable year of '41, when our Maiden City was so well and ably defended."

A long and loud "hurrah" greeted this speech; and then Mr. Cairns continued:—

"Ye will have need of much courage and much carefulness, to hold that which ye have gained, and guard and keep that which, this day, ye have secured. And, although men of the law, as I am, are not used to fighting, to my services

you are heartily welcome; for I would hold it to be a lasting shame and foul disgrace, if any one whatever, being a Protestant, should refuse to stand by ye in this time of peril and danger!"

Here Mr. Gordon waved his hand, and, one of the crowd pointing to a friar that was looking on from a window, there was great cheering of Mr. Cairns accordingly.

"And, now, set a watch and ward at each gate, and I will be with you and bear ye company. For it will be a day much to be thought of hereafter; and we must not lose our good town, and Protestant citadel, for lack of needful and due caution. It will be a day much to be remembered by the Protestants of Ireland throughout their generations; and ye need not heed the timid counsels of the wavering and the cowardly, for ye have been brave youths, and done bravely. Be to the end as ye have been this day, and the children to be born will bless God for the Apprentice Boys of Derry!"

Jasper Harrington was listening to Mr. Cairns, and loudly applauded the ending of his speech. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the city; all the youths were endeavouring to

procure arms, and were now more than ever determined to make Derry a city of refuge for the Protestants of the North.

"I think I ought to remember you," said Mr. Cairns to Harrington, as he concluded; "did I not see you once at the 'English Oak,' in Dublin?"

"Were you there, sir, *that* day?" asked Jasper with a smile.

"I was; and was glad you came off so well. But have you been long in Derry?"

"I only came this morning."

"Shall you stay?"

"Certainly, if my sword can aid these brave fellows in defending the lives and liberties of the Protestants."

"Well said, Mr. ——."

"Harrington; once a lieutenant in King James's army."

"But now for the Protestant religion and our liberties, which neither King James nor his army affect, at present."

And they parted, till the night. At which time Harrington went the rounds with Cairns, and aided him in inspiriting the guard.

On whom the stars were shining.

And eyes looking up to-night at those stars, would not look up at them on the next seventh day of December.

For many a brave heart would be still and silent by then.

And many a coward heart would be ashamed, even of starlight, when thinking of base desertion and miserable unmanliness, or, it may be, Judas-like traitorism.

No! not many a heart!

The Protestant people devoutly believed in God, for the most part; and feared not the light of Heaven that shone down on them in stars.

CHAPTER XX.

EXITS.

THE 8th of December dawned on the inhabitants of Derry, full of anxious thoughts and some wonderings as to what would be the end of the whole matter.

There were many and divers rumours afloat, and each was asking the other did he hear this or that.

A stir among the crowd attracted Jasper's attention.

"What is going on?" he asked.

"Let us see," replied the person addressed.

Just then Mr. Gordon made his appearance, and was greeted with a cheer, which was renewed as Mr. Cairns came up.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Gordon, "the Bishop has gone."

"Let him go; we don't want him," was the cry.

"Tyrconnel will not forgive yesterday's work," said Harrington to Mr. Cairns.

"Nor will King James," added Mr. Gordon.

"And why not?" asked an alderman, who was standing by.

"The standard of revolt has been raised," replied Jasper.

"No, no; there has been no revolt; we are true to the King; the rabble have done it, I tell you!" said Alderman Bumble.

"We are loyal men, sir,—loyal men," added another, who had attended the Bishop to the gate.

Jasper saw Mr. Gordon shrug his shoulders at this, and did not at all wonder why.

And yet it was quite true that many men in Derry consoled themselves with the idea that they had done nothing against King James.

The "rabble" indeed had been turbulent and troublesome; but very respectable people, like the loyal citizens, could not be held responsible for the doings of the rabble. His Majesty, of his great clemency, would doubtless take this into consideration, and deal after

his accustomed kindness with those who would never be untrue to his kingly person.

Others, indeed, saw that the thing done was of such a nature, in the very doing of it, that boldness and energy in ulterior action were imperatively called for.

Even then, slow as tidings were in reaching Ireland, and much as communication with England was interrupted, there were some in active correspondence with the Protestants of Great Britain, and staunch supporters of the cause of the Prince of Orange.

"One Peter Wharton is not unknown to you, Mr. Harrington?" said Mr. Gordon, interrogatively.

"I know him."

"This letter is from him, by a trusty messenger, and he mentions matter of interest therein."

"Does he?" said Jasper, in some wonder, dwelling in thought upon a certain matter of interest of his own in the Wharton direction.

"Yes, verily; and, having heard of your whereabouts, he commits it to you also."

Jasper waited eagerly to hear the tidings. Slowly Mr. Gordon unfolded his letter, and

announced that its enclosure was an address from certain Presbyterian ministers of Ulster to his Highness the Prince of Orange, in which they congratulated him on his arrival in England, and on his glorious success; imploring him speedily to succour the oppressed Protestants of Ireland, many of whom would be ready with life and limb to serve his interest and support his cause.

"Do the gentry not move in this matter?" Harrington asked.

"Some of them do."

"Their names?"

"Ah, their names are not yet of number sufficient to be warrant for publicly announcing them," replied Mr. Gordon, shaking his head.

"But they will doubtless come forward soon."

"So let us hope, anyhow," replied the minister, as they parted.

And Jasper, then visiting his sister, had to recount the sayings and doings of the morning.

It may be supposed that Harrington did not long remain indoors.

He found everyone who could bear arms

providing himself with weapons, and receiving his due share of ammunition.

There were about three hundred men capable of bearing arms within the walls. They were likened to Gideon's three hundred, by one well versed in Scripture, and mindful of old struggles under the banner of the Covenant.

For these three hundred there were not even muskets enough. The men were few, apparently, for the possible work, and the arms not more than half as numerous as the men.

"And now, boys, what about the friars?" asked John Cunningham, one of the thirteen who had closed the gates.

"Ye all mind the sermon one of them preached last October," said Campsie.

"What was that?" Harrington whispered to Mr. Gordon.

"A sermon preached to the Irish soldiers, in the Market House, wherein this friar, fresh from a conference with his set in Donegal, had declared that as God had deserted Saul for sparing the Amalekites when he should have slain them, so He would surely punish all who failed to obey every priestly Samuel who should tell them whom to kill."

"Plain, that," said Jasper.

"Very; especially when the priests had been buying fire-arms and chain-bridles," replied Mr. Gordon, drily.

"I say, let the Dominican friars leave the town," Samuel Harvey exclaimed.

"Ay, bag and baggage," said another.

And, with a cheer, the defenders of Derry proceeded to the Dominican convent, to clear Derry of those who would have been, if left within its walls, only spies and traitors.

So the Order of Saint Dominic was removed from Derry, unharmed, not as too many poor souls had been removed by the same Order, which ever furnished the cruel torturers to Rome's bloodiest infernality—"The Holy Inquisition."

At nightfall there was a gathering of brave fellows in the guard-house. The Diamond had many a true heart in it that night.

"Well, men," said Mr. Cairns, "are ye still of the same mind?"

"Yes! yes!" cried many a voice, heartily.

"It is well," replied the speaker; "and the act done is, after all, only in the spirit of that charter of King James I., which founded Derry

as a refuge for Protestants, and a means of maintaining the Protestant religion in Ulster."

"Good—very good!" Alderman Tomkins ejaculated.

"Mr. Cairns," asked a young man, coming in, "have you heard of this declaration of duty and loyalty to King James that they are talking of?"

"I suppose it will end, as usual, with 'God save the King!'" said Cunningham.

"I shall have nothing to do with it," said one.

"Nor I," said another.

"Long live the Prince of Orange!" cried a third.

Whereat they all shouted "Hurrah!"

And so the dark night passed on into the Sabbath. It was very dark and very cold that night, but not as cold and dark as would have been the fate of Protestants but for the men of Derry.

Of those gathered there, many would have entered, ere another year had passed, on the Sabbath eternal. But they would have entered as labourers, and into rest.

The works that they had done would follow

them. The thing they loved most was, not life, but Christ's religion; and, loving that, they could not make terms with that perdition image yonder.

The fearful and the unbelieving would give other counsel. This was ever done by those of that class, and will be done to the end; unless, indeed, a little courage and a little faith come into their coward, craven, Christless hearts, and save them from the Second Death.

CHAPTER XXI.

ULSTER DOINGS.

ULSTER was soon astir with the sayings and doings in England. Slow as news was in reaching Ireland, nevertheless tidings passed along through the North that with the Prince of Orange all was going well.

The seizing of the garrison of York by Lord Danby, on the 22nd November, was full of encouragement to the men who loved the Protestant religion. The exploit lost nothing in the transit. It was, among the farmsteads of Ulster, a very gallant deed. And could not the deeds of York be emulated in Antrim and Down? Had not Derry already set the example of how the thing might be done?

Peers, and baronets, and knights, and men of high degree had taken up arms in England. The cry raised at York had been re-echoed

everywhere—"No Popery! A free Parliament! The Protestant religion!"

Some people had been using hard names to the Derry men. It had been more than hinted that their conduct was flat rebellion. At any-rate, it was the same as that of the lords and gentlemen of England!

Nor did the news-letters that reached Ireland fail to mention how all England was singing, "Lillibullero." And how, in Oxford, with its glorious old colleges, the High Street had been thronged by horse and foot, with drums beating and colours flying; how "Lillibullero" was the tune that was played, and how High Street was bright and gay with orange ribbons. For the orange ribbon had already become, as a Macaulay was afterwards to tell, "the emblem to the Protestant Englishman of civil and religious freedom."

So, seeing danger a-head in Ireland, and much encouragement from English intelligence to provide against it, the Protestants of the North formed themselves into an Association, with Councils or Committees for each county, and a general Council of Union to meet and deliberate at Hillsborough.

The Protestants declared in the bond of Association, that they associated "for self-defence, and for securing the Protestant religion, their lives, liberties, and properties, and the peace of the kingdom, disturbed by Popish and illegal counsellors and their abettors; resolving to adhere to the laws, and the Protestant religion, to act in subordination to the Government of England, and for promoting a free Parliament; declaring also, that, if they were forced to take up arms, it would be contrary to their inclination, and should only be defensive, not in the least to invade the lives, liberties, or estates of any of their fellow-subjects, no not of the Popish persuasion, whilst they demeaned themselves peaceably.

"They took notice of the great levies daily made of Popish soldiers, when the King was retired, and their arming could be no way serviceable to his interest, and gave it as an obvious reason for putting themselves into a posture of defence. That it was inconsistent with common prudence not to suspect the designs of their enemies to be such as tended, if not to the destruction, yet to the great endangering of the lives, liberties, and properties of

the Protestant subjects of the kingdom, if not prevented.

"That they would admit none but Protestants into their Association; yet they would protect even Papists from violence, while they remained peaceable and quiet; and doubted not but all good Protestants would, in their several stations, join with them in the same public defence; and that God would bless their just, innocent, and necessary undertaking for their lives, laws, and religion."

One day, early in January, the Council of Union was summoned to meet at Hillsborough.

Riders were coming into the town from different directions.

One had dismounted at the gate of the Fort where the Council was to meet, and was looking back at a solitary horseman coming up the hill.

The warders were standing by the gate, and guarding the entrance with care; and, utterly unconscious of man's thoughts and doings, a couple of jackdaws were hopping about the bastions, and sometimes, with saucy look, taking a glance at the people below.

Weary and worn seemed the horse that now

approached the gate. Little care, apparently, had been bestowed upon him on the way; and that he had fallen more than once, along the hard and frosty roads, was plain enough to the most casual onlooker.

But the dismounted rider was not scrutinizing carefully the condition of the animal approaching the Fort. His eyes had been earnestly fixed, first with curiosity, then with interest, and in the end with pleasurable gaze, on the face and figure of Jasper Harrington.

"Welcome, Harrington!" he exclaimed, as with out-stretched hand Leighton grasped that of his friend.

"You here, Leighton?"

"Verily, it would seem so," replied that gentleman, with a laugh.

"Have our friends assembled in force, yet?"

"Lord Mount Alexander is here, and Lord Blaney, with a goodly sprinkling of the gentlemen of the counties near."

"Is there any special business in hand to-day?" asked Harrington. "And what have you done hitherto?"

"There has been a good deal of waiting on Providence," said Leighton, "and some indeci-

sion; to-day, there is talk chiefly of addressing the Prince of Orange."

"That is well. How like you the work done in Derry and Enniskillen?"

"Good work, well done," replied Leighton.

"Cairns is still in London. I wonder will the Enniskilleners have tidings for us to-day?"

"It is doubtful. How get you on? And where have you been?"

"I have come, hot foot, from Londonderry, where there is tolerable quietness just now; but some considerable expectation of future events."

"Does the Mountjoy capitulation please the citizens?"

"It was the best thing they could do, at the time; and Lord Mountjoy is well enough liked by them."

"I hope they are not neglecting their defences, though," said Captain Leighton.

"That they are not! All the old arms have been brushed up, and put in order; the guns have been mounted; and they have sent into Scotland for a good supply of gunpowder."

"Capital!"

"And now tell me what they have done here, Leighton?"

"Why they have been raising forces in Antrim and Down, and elsewhere. They have got a regiment of horse, under Lord Mount Alexander, and a regiment of dragoons, from the County Down, under Sir Arthur Rawdon's command. There is talk of another being raised in Antrim, to be commanded by Clotworthy Skeffington."

"And for foot?"

"Antrim has four regiments, under Sir William Franklin, Upton, Leslie, and Adair; and Down has four, under Sir John Magill, Sir Robert Colvil, James Hamilton, of Tullamore, and James Hamilton, of Bangor. Besides, Francis Annesley has raised some horse and foot, and there is a regiment raised near Lisburn that they say is for me. Will you help me in managing it, Harrington?"

"With all my heart."

"And now let us go in; our friends will be anxious to hear the latest tidings from Derry."

"We have been talking of you, Leighton," said Lord Mount Alexander, as they entered;

"we have fixed upon you to take the Address to London, to his Highness."

"I thank you and the Council for the honour done me, my lord; at anyrate you have chosen one heart and soul in the cause."

"I have also wrote a letter to His Highness, telling him that you are empowered to deliver to him certain weighty and important tidings, which it has not been thought advisable to put in writing."

"Very good, my lord; and these tidings?"

"These you are now to hear."

Whereupon Captain Leighton received instructions from the Council of Union to lay before the Prince of Orange, by word of mouth, all the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise in which the Protestants of Ulster were engaged; and to press urgently for speedy succours of men and muniments of war.

After this the Council of Union broke up.

Leighton was to sail from Belfast, and Harrington promised to see him off.

But first of all it was needful that Lisburn should be visited.

Some there were not forgotten.

While Harrington was musing on this subject, Leighton said,—

"Here is Lisburn; I must take it on my way, and see what the men are doing."

"I wish," said Harrington, with a sigh, "I could have bidden you welcome to Williamfield."

"And so you will yet," replied Leighton, cheerfully, as they rode into the town, and Jasper gave, to his old friend, Elijah, the watchword,—

"No Popery!"

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCERNING THE PROGRESS OF THINGS.

"DID I not tell thee, Jasper Harrington," exclaimed Elijah Brown, triumphantly, "did I not tell thee that the Lord would give deliverance to his Israel, and avenge their wrongs speedily?"

"Truly it is the case," replied Harrington, shaking his old friend heartily by the hand.

"It will be done, Jasper; it will be done. But much I fear me that some men hardly see the way."

"How so?"

"Verily, this lip-service rendered by many to the Stuart, and this over-much talk of loyalty, and doing nothing against the King, is not the way to put heart in those who must yet, methinks, be fighting, as was my wont in bygone days, against the bloody Stuart line."

"It is deemed wisest not too much to provoke the Lord Deputy."

"And think they that James Stuart will spare them, if they fall into his power? And think they that aught but force of arms will secure them from such like bloody massacre as the great Lord Protector, in other years, avenged?"

"If the Prince of Orange got the throne, it would be well," Harrington said.

"The Lord grant it!" ejaculated Elijah; "but there is division among the Protestants on this head; and some are very scrupulously loyal to the man over the water."

"You mean King James?"

"I mean James Stuart, called King by some," replied Brown, energetically; "though, if it please the Lord of hosts and God of battles, Elijah Brown will never accord that title to the runagate."

"How gets on the arming and training of the regiment that our Captain Leighton is to have?" asked Jasper.

"Not over well," replied Brown, shaking his head; "if Captain Leighton could stay——"

"And so I intend, my good friend," said

Leighton, "when I get back from England."

Brown was silent. He kept his eyes on the ground; in fact, did not seem by any means pleased at the look of things.

For here was another of those who ought to be the leaders of the people going away, as he thought, to England for safety; and remembering more dangers and difficulties, than the duty of standing by the poor people who would sorely need wise and brave men to lead them through all the straits of an evil time.

"Well, sir," said Leighton, somewhat hotly, "are you not satisfied?"

Elijah Brown looked up at this. With all the proud independence of one of Cromwell's veterans, he slowly replied, "Captain Leighton is to command, and Elijah Brown to obey. There is no need for speech concerning this matter."

"And, in the meantime," said Jasper, "Captain Leighton has asked me to fill his place: and we must do our best to put things right, serjeant."

"Serjeant, did ye say?" asked Elijah, brightening up.

"Yes, Serjeant Brown, my friend is quite correct. Your services were not forgotten by the Council of the Association; and they hope to have your help in getting the men to go through their motions," said Leighton.

"Elijah Brown will do much for the good cause; as much as the Lord will allow to a man well stricken in years, who has been long unused to war and battle, and to the habits of fields of fight."

"But there will be no fighting, I hope," said Leighton.

"Captain, there will," was the reply. "The Papists think they have good chance, now, of undoing all that the Lord Protector once did. But the Lord helpeth those who heed his commandments. As, verily, anyone, remembering all that I do, may truly say."

"Any of Cromwell's red-coats may well think so," said Leighton, smiling.

"And, as Elijah Brown was one of the first to put on the red coat, by the order of the same, to mark the Parliament men from the men of the other side, he may well call to mind the dealings of the Lord with those who put their trust in His name."

"But they must not neglect the training as well," said Leighton.

"Truly that is spoken wisely," said Brown; "I bethink me oftentimes that our army would have come ill off, godly men as they were, but for the zealous heeding of these things on the part of the commander."

"Ay," observed Leighton, laughing, "Cromwell put his trust in God, but didn't forget to take care that the powder was dry."

"And would it have been trust in God to overlook this matter, captain? To souse a barrel of powder with a bucket of water, and then go into battle, talking of the Lord's help, would savour more of the builders of Babel, and their presumption, than of those who looked for the salvation of God."

"My old friend, Elijah Brown, is right," said Jasper; "much I fear there is great carelessness in preparation for fighting."

Elijah Brown shook his head. Evidently the progress of things did not satisfy him. Accustomed as he had been to the rigid discipline of Cromwell, he was disheartened by the rawness of the levies, and by the too evident want of knowledge on the part of the officers.

Such arms as were to be had, too, were most of them unfit for service; and by far the greater part of the people had not got arms of any sort.

Nor were those who had arms much better off than those without them. For ammunition was of the scarcest. What powder there was would not go very far, in field of fight; and there were not always churches near to take the lead off for those who had powder, nor powder at hand for those who had got balls.

Altogether, things did not look very hopeful; and the greatest part of the gentry, and sensibler sort of people, as they were considered, expected more from England and the Prince of Orange than from anything in the power of Irish Protestants to do, whether in righting, or fighting.

Work is a great assistant to faith,—or comes of it, if you like that better. For the true believer, while most relying upon God, will know that he can only do so if he work as the All-doer. In fact, actual putting in practice of the writing found in a certain place, that, if you have faith without works, you have only got the corpse of the thing.

Thoughts of this sort were in Jasper Harrington's head, as he and his friend rode away from Lisburn, after parting, in very friendly manner, from Elijah Brown.

It is not meant that his thoughts took, in any shape, a theological turn; but only that they were common-sense thoughts. Theology and common-sense do not always agree; though religion and common-sense are never antagonistic.

Truly, in fact, religion is but a sublimation of common-sense; being a carrying of the same from the foundation to the coping of things. And possession of this common-sense can in no way be admitted to belong to those who would have it reach only some forty miles of atmospheric terrestrial girding; and never let it go on to things celestial.

Whatever Jasper's thoughts were, they were interrupted at last by Captain Leighton.

"Isn't your old place somewhere near this, Harrington?"

"Yes; quite close. You could see it, but for the darkness."

"Confound that O'Neil! But our Orange Prince will right things yet, Jasper?"

Jasper did not succeed in repressing a sigh. He thought of certain possible things which the wisest, and best, and bravest of men could never right.

And great longing was over him to see how a certain person, close by, was getting on; and whether a lonely occupant of a cottage he knew of was in happy or unhappy state of circumstances.

So Captain Leighton, wondering that he got no answer to his remark, wondered more, at last, when Harrington asked him to ride on in the Belfast direction, as he wished to delay a little, hard by.

Whereupon he turned his horse's head towards the cottage of Elijah Brown; and, indisposed to disturb or frighten Annie Wharton, tied the reins to a tree, some short distance from the door.

Then he walked quietly towards a faint glimmering light which wavered in a window that he knew. At the side of the window, he paused for a moment, and did what many a one has done before and since; he looked in, to see how things were going on, and what was the position of affairs, before he would give

any indication of his, or anyone's, presence outside.

Shall we look in with him?

There is where the light was coming from to the window. The fire is not very large, nor bright; and straggling ends of burnt sticks are coming out through the turf, as if it had been brighter, when these were burning.

And there is a small figure, with elbows resting on her knees, sitting on a low wooden stool, apparently, before the fire. It is not easy to see whether any attention is bestowed upon this, for nothing of the face is at all visible to anyone outside.

All that can be seen is an arm and part of a hand, as a flicker of light comes upon them occasionally; and shows, too, that there is no other visible appearance of living creature in the neat room with the fire.

Is she thinking about persons, or things, or what? Is she wandering back to the past, or dreaming of the days to come? Who knows? And yet who, looking on the little figure sitting in solitude and silence, would not like to have some tidings of her musings, and learn whether she is busiest now with memory or hope?

At any rate, Jasper Harrington would like to know.

So he gently taps at the window, and still looks in.

Down goes the left hand, and the head is turned slightly, in listening attitude.

The tap at the window is repeated. Annie Wharton starts up; her hands drop down to her side; a crimson blush flits over her face, and away again; she is alone in the cottage, and frightened naturally at the thought of unknown people seeking admittance at that hour.

But not long frightened. For a voice she knows—there is light enough to show the smile on her face—says, "It is I, Annie."

And there is not any need for further parley, or knocking at door or window.

A very hasty unbarring of the door there is; and a couple of outstretched hands, and a hurried and excited,—

"Oh! Jasper!"

And——

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE house of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, was the great rallying point for the Irish Protestant noblemen and gentlemen who, in wherries and fishing-smacks, escaped to England, as best they might; and sought to promote the welfare of the Protestants in Ireland, by endeavouring to engage in their behalf the interest of the Prince of Orange.

Very much cannot be said in favour of Lord Clarendon. Of a vacillating and uncertain temperament, his actions were not to be depended upon. When Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, however, he was superseded in favour of Lord Tyrconnel; and that gave him merit in the eyes of those Protestants who were now galled by the evil rule of a bad man.

To him, therefore, they carried all their despatches; and through him, for the most part, they sought introduction to the illustrious Prince, who had already bloodlessly triumphed in England, and was looked to by the Protestants of Ireland with earnest and longing expectation.

Men and arms were much wanted for Ireland. The Prince of Orange early sought for the names of those Protestant officers who had been cashiered during Lord Clarendon's vice-royalty; and Lords Meath, Blessington, and others, offered their services to go into Ireland, and battle for the Protestant cause. But it seems that, though news of Irish affairs was conveyed to the Prince, the great interests at stake, in the Convention, and the nature of foreign affairs, prevented the requisite attention being bestowed upon Ireland.

When Captain Leighton arrived in London, he, as was the custom, went at once to Lord Clarendon's.

Lord Clarendon was out at Westminster, it was likely, the man said. Yes, certainly at Westminster. For my Lords were very busy

taking into consideration the state of the nation; of long time, until very recently, not a very satisfactory subject.

But, was the gentleman from Ireland? Then would he be pleased to wait till my lord came home; for my lord desired particular attention to be paid to all gentlemen from Ireland. It was not added, that my lord did this in special desire of being a very important personage in the eyes of that man to whom most people were looking then for such measure of earthly exaltation as was the object, or possible attainment, of various people, in Church and State.

Captain Leighton, therefore, waited the coming of my Lord Clarendon back from Westminster; revolving the various possibilities of things concerning that part of the world which he had lately left.

He had not noticed, when he first came in, a quiet sort of gentleman in the room, who was busy apparently deciphering some epistolary communication.

However, he had time enough to see, before he had done, that the gentleman belonged to the Church, and was a dignitary of some sort.

he was writing, among other letters, one to his faithful and loving wife, who so truly and trustingly had, in everything, been loyal to her husband, and suffered not the evil and the ambitious to come between her and the Prince; pretendedly seeking her interests, but really striving to promote their own.

Mary, Princess of Orange, at this time twenty-six years old, was passionately fond of him who was very much to all Europe, but far more to her.

People said William was cold and distant. She did not think him so. She, at anyrate, had got at the heart of the man; and knew what a deep and lasting fountain of love there was, under all the outward seeming of reticence and calm.

Not everyone, in those days, preferred the laws of God before all else. And so, when his wife, in love of William, made these laws her rule, even before English laws, it was the naturalest thing in the world that the great heart of William should be hers for ever.

So, at a later day, this wife of William's, when her uncle Clarendon, very much liking to be the near relative of so great a lady,

busied himself, ostensibly in her favour, but really in his own, cared not to conceal the anger she felt; asked what he had to do with the succession to the Crown; and would have no sort of private audience concerning the matter with one who had meddled to mar the interests of William.

Some feeling that Lord Clarendon was not just as great a man, and as worthy a man, as his Irish Protestant admirers were disposed to imagine; and that he, under cover of zeal for them, did not forget himself, may have made the Prince of Orange more tardy in receiving his recommendations than otherwise he would have been.

A good cause suffers too many times from the imperfections of its advocates. This is a pity; but is it not true?

Perhaps, therefore, this delayed, for a couple of days, Leighton's interview with the Prince.

For, after the letter-writing, the Prince took a day's hunting. Very fond was he of this. But, more than that, being of extreme delicacy of constitution, hero as he was, he needed some amount of exercise and fresh air to keep

In England, William and Mary were King and Queen. Why should they not be, in the Protestant North?

So, on the 9th of March, every town in the north-east of Ulster proclaimed them King and Queen.

Captain Jasper Harrington, proud of his commission as a soldier of King William, stood by his old friend, Brown, in Lisburn. And there was one there, whose heightened colour and beaming smiles told of entire satisfaction in the doings of the day; and who wore, not the less proudly that the giver stood beside her, the prettiest, neatest hat, all bright with orange trimming.

As the people dispersed, old Elijah walked towards his home. He was silenter, and more moody than might have been expected, seeing the deed that was accomplished that day.

Even the merry laugh of Annie Wharton, walking along with Jasper, by his side, fell somewhat discordantly upon his ear.

He could hardly tell why this was; more than that the doings of Tyrconnel in Dublin had been whispered.

There were some people, and old Elijah was

one of them, who thought it a very foolish transaction to let Friar O'Haggerty go up to Dublin, after the Carrickfergus affair, to tell all about the state of the Protestants, and to hurry on the proceedings against them.

And, moreover, there had come a rumour that James had landed in the South, and was immediately to head his army, and make havoc of the lives and properties of Protestants.

The rumour was not true, at that time, but it was currently believed. And so, with all the gladness of the day, Elijah had darkening shadows coming over him.

There was not care enough bestowed in being prepared for the worst—the surest way of enjoying the best.

But, at any rate, there was joy in Antrim and Down.

Little children were told of the grand doings, and learned to lisp the name of the Protestant King. On that night, many a one slept all the sounder that William, and not James, was their sovereign now.

And even Elijah Brown was less moody, towards evening, as Jasper and Annie sat with him by the fire, and talked of the better days

And the gentleman, after finishing his letter, addressed Leighton, and inquired if he were from Ireland of late.

"Yes, sir; I have just come over from the North."

"Ah! from Belfast?"

"Yes."

"And what are they doing in those parts?"

"Standing on self-defence, at present; and looking with eager eyes to his Highness, for aid and support."

"Do you know much of the affairs of Down? You will excuse me, as I have an interest in asking."

"Well, sir, the Protestants of Down are flocking to the Association, as they are doing in Antrim, Armagh, Monaghan, and other parts; but there is great alarm felt among many of them at rumours of the preparations making in Dublin by Lord Tyrconnel."

"A bad man, a very bad man!" said the reverend personage, emphatically.

"Who is a very bad man, dean?" asked Lord Clarendon, as the door opened, and he made his appearance.

"We were talking of Lord Tyrconnel, my

lord," replied the gentleman, with a smile, rising to leave the room.

"Ha! ha! We are agreed there, at any rate, dean, decidedly."

"Captain Leighton, I believe?" observed Lord Clarendon, as they were alone.

"Yes, my lord."

"You have brought an address to the Prince of Orange, I see, by my letters."

Captain Leighton bowed.

"You were talking to the Dean of Down. Did you know him before?"

"No, my lord; I never met him before; though I have heard of him as an excellent and worthy clergyman."

"And so he is. There is not a better man than Dean M'Neal. If people had their deserts he would be made a bishop. His wife is a cousin, too, to my niece, the Princess of Orange."

Captain Leighton again bowed.

"But you desire to see the Prince without delay, I suppose? Come with me to St. James's."

And so they went. But his Highness was very busy. It was his post day. Doubtless

him up, after all those anxious hours of council work, and letter-writing, and deep concernment about debates in the Convention.

And how many has the hunting-field prepared for the battle-field?

It was not without feeling of profound respect for so great a commander, and so opportune a deliverer, that, on the evening of the second day of his arrival, Leighton entered the presence of the Prince of Orange.

William's head rested on his hand. An expression of much pain was on his face, for one of his severe headaches disturbed him, as often was the case; and rendered any great courteousness to twaddlers, and people who had only to open their mouths to prove themselves fools, quite a matter of impossibility.

His mouth was tightly compressed; and care had carved its outlines on his cheek.

Before he removed his hand, he had a fit of coughing, and this for a time greatly increased the pained expression in his face.

Long accustomed, however, to suppress, as far as possible, all outward manifestation of annoyance, whether physical or mental, he removed

his hand, and bent on Leighton his keen eagle eye, taking in, at a glance, the kind of man he had to deal with, and reading him with that wonderful accuracy for which he was famed; and which did not stand in very good stead the false and fickle courtiers, who were accustomed to bask in the smiles of a king; and were then asking themselves, "Under which king?"

After Leighton's introduction to his Highness by Lord Clarendon, he presented the address.

This William carefully read, and then asked sundry questions concerning the state of the Protestants of the North of Ireland, and what they were doing.

"They are but poorly armed, you say?"

"Their arms are of the worst description, your Highness."

"Will your Associations continue to prepare for self-defence?"

"Their preparations are somewhat slackened, owing to want of the necessary means, Sir."

"Tell them we will take care of them, Captain Leighton."

"The Protestants of Ulster have no other reliance, under God, than your Highness."

"Let them know that we approve of their endeavours to put themselves in a posture of defence; and that we are resolved to employ the most speedy means in our power for rescuing them from the oppressions and terrors they lie under."

"Such tidings will fill with joy and gladness many a heart and home in Ulster, Sir."

"And, while we shall not visit punishment of pain or forfeiture upon any of the Romish Communion who shall live peaceably, we shall not fail to chastise those who, in obedience to illegal authority now exercised in that country, do anything to the disturbance of the public peace or the prejudice of the Protestant interest in that kingdom."

Leighton bowed low, and prepared to retire.

As he did so, the Prince of Orange added,—

"Mr. Harboard will give you the despatch; and we commend the good Protestants of Ireland to the care of Almighty God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE THE STORM.

BELFAST, Lisburn, and Hillsborough were in very joyous mood, when Captain Leighton returned from England with tidings that he had seen the Protestant Prince, and that help was nigh at hand.

And not long after him came golden news, that the Prince of Orange was now lawful King of England, and had been everywhere proclaimed, with shouts of rejoicing crowds, and such demonstrations of exultant Protestants as England before had never seen.

There were lights blazing in all the windows, and bonfires spreading wider light in the streets. And there were gorgeous processions of delighted Protestants, the magistrates in their scarlet robes, and everybody with an orange flag, or, at any rate, an orange ribbon.

that were in store for the country, and of all that would happen, now that the Prince of Orange was king.

And outside, the thrushes were singing merrily, as they do in spring-time. Singing merrily, and sending up to heaven a chord of song that may tell there, that even amidst the jarring utterances of earth, and cries of pain, and voices of woe, there is such music as was heard in the Eden days, when, under the bowers, in Paradise, was the sinless image of God, and in the trees above the thrush singing that very song that, through all changes of the broken image, has come changelessly down, cheering many a heart in spring-time with its matchless melody.

Last thing of all, ere retiring to rest, there was the evening prayer and praise; and the Word of God, opened and read reverently, in an old and worn copy, that had come across from England with the army of Cromwell.

And then they knelt down, those three, together; that was the first time, not for the kneeling, but for companionship in prayer.

Old Elijah prayed with fiery earnestness, the like of which Jasper was not accustomed to.

He prayed for the little wench, and for the young man, and for the rulers of the people, and for the Protestant army. And then he prayed that the great power of Babylon might be broken in the land, and that peace and prosperity might be the lot of the saints of the Lord.

And if it seemed good to the Lord that all this should only come about through a baptism of blood, and if the sheep and the lambs of the flock were yet to be given over for a season to the jaws of wolves, might the wasting and the destruction not be for ever, and might it turn the people, O Lord, to seek more of the Mighty One of Israel, who could grant them deliverance, even in the darkest hour, and bring to the dead life!

So Elijah prayed.

Then Annie lighted a candle for Jasper. He was to occupy her grandfather's room that night; reluctantly enough, too; for he most unwillingly disturbed the worthy old man from his nightly resting-place. But Brown had insisted on the thing, for just that one night: there would be work enough for them all, elsewhere, on the morrow.

And then, through the door, Jasper heard friendly altercation carried on, though it was in low tones, concerning the night rest of the other two.

"I tell thee no, child! Rest in thine own little room. Here, by the fire, an old man can pass the night well."

An earnest whisper followed.

"Did'st thou ever know thy grandfather go back on his word? Seek thy chamber, Annie, and sleep; and the Lord have thee in His gracious keeping."

A door, after this, was gently closed; and there was silence.

But Jasper did not sleep soundly; and did not at all sleep, at first. Surely it is not very wonderful that he was awake? Surely he might, in this unusual circumstance of things, be excused for looking out at the faint glimmering of light that came upon the little window, and thinking?

But, if nobody now would lie awake in such a case, and if every one now is of too calm and serene a temperament to be concerned at all about unusual things, whether in the line of love or the contrary, let at least some allow-

ance be made for the doings of the people in not so wise an age, and for the foolishness of forefathers let there be kindly forgiveness.

You who sleep serenely, with steadfast breathing, be the doings and sayings of the day what they may; who never have been troubled with littlest wave of passion, and who can hardly tell what people mean by talking of an "exciting thing;" who do everything sedately, and by measurement, whether what you call loving or disliking; congratulate yourself, if you please, on your happier state of existence. There is nothing better, in the same way, except the repose of the dead shells, in the beds of marl, long ages lost to faintest motion of life!

With Annie, too, as well as Jasper, there was wakefulness: and rapid review of actions and feelings of the past months.

There was not, indeed, much analysis of feelings; for the science of mental dissection had not made much progress with such as Annie Wharton in the days of William the Third.

Less of torturing and twisting of thought there was, than was to be at a later day; and

more contentment with actualities of human life-story.

And the reason of this may be found, if cared to be sought for, in fuller employment of feminine hands, at feminine work: and this, not in one class of life, but in all classes: even in that class which now, most of all, abjures work for dreamy indulgence in enervating mental opiates of literature or fashion.

Still there were young men and maidens in those days; and sometimes, it is believed, they looked on each other with favouring eyes.

Naturally, then, they thought of each other sometimes. And why not when awake, as Annie and Jasper were? However, go you to sleep, and never mind them. All is quite still: and not even the moonlight falls upon your window. Shut your eyes, and sleep soundly. What have you to do with love?

CHAPTER XXV.

SIR ARTHUR RAWDON.

DROMORE was in dreadful commotion on the 14th March, 1689. Nobody in it had time to remember how it had been banishment place, in the fourteenth century, for Sir John Holt and Sir Robert Belknap, who were then of opinion that a Richard II. was above law, and were dealt with by giving them, instead of death, permanent residence "in the village of Dromore, in Ireland."

But many people knew that it had been desolated in 1641 by the Papists; and all people knew that Rathfriland and Loughbrickland were now deserted, and that their Protestant inhabitants had retreated before the fast advancing army that was commanded by Hamilton, and acknowledged James Stuart as its lawful king.

One brave and gallant heart, whose name should be held in eternal memory by all Irish Protestants, did all that man could do to stem the advancing torrent of ill.

Foremost among those who saw the great danger of Irish Protestants, and did all that he could to meet it, was young Sir Arthur Rawdon, of Moira. Of most delicate and tender health, weak in lungs, and no promise of long tenure of life, he yet spared not any exertion to serve that cause that continental travel had but deepened his love of—the cause of the Protestants of Ireland.

He had ceaselessly urged in the Council of Union the necessity of being prepared for the worst; and had seen with regret the strange want of energy that unfortunately prevailed among them, and neglect of all proper training of men, and providing of ammunition and arms.

Some, instead of availing themselves of his foresight, were found to talk disparagingly of his fears; and many, with that recklessness which is far from courage, protested that he overrated their danger.

And some, too, were jealous that a young

man, not yet twenty-seven, should seem to set up his judgment against that of the rest of them. Because he had been a captain of horse, or even a member of Parliament for Down, did that make him wiser or better than other people?

Therefore Sir Arthur Rawdon had to retreat from Loughbrickland to Dromore, because the Council had no forces to assist him.

And now the Popish army was in sight. The shouts of the soldiers could be plainly heard by the Protestant inhabitants.

What was to be done?

The only thing possible was to secure the retreat of the Protestants. So, with the women and children in the van, the foot next, and the horse bringing up the rear, the Protestants left Dromore.

But not all in safety.

As soon as the Popish commander was aware of their retreat, he ordered his men to follow. Death came to some of the fugitives, and some of the dragoons, defending the rest, were killed by the foe.

Here, be it noticed, was the first shedding of Protestant blood in battle-strife at this Revo-

lution time. There was more of it afterwards; more, too, of the other sort. But it is not an unnoticeable event that this Dromore, in the county Down, was the red A of the Revolution in Ireland.

Lord Mount Alexander and others, having mustered what force they could in Hillsborough, met the Dromore party, to assist them. It was latish then, as they were retreating.

Unpreparedness — unpreparedness — unpreparedness.

Still, there was one more active than most of them. One who would make the best of things; try, in fact, to put as much motion into affairs as was possible, and do what might be done to stop disaster.

"I shall ride to Lisburn, and try and hasten the marching of the forces there," said Sir Arthur.

"Very good," was the reply.

And he did so.

But the people he left behind him, raw and ill armed as they were, did not wait for his return.

So Hillsborough, and all the council papers,

such as they were, with any amount of information they possessed, fell into hands that would not do much good with them.

As did the provisions that the Council had supplied for an army at Hillsborough, with much ammunition also.

Whose fault was this? Doubtless it is not pleasant to find that some considerable retreating took place on the Protestant side. It was not all victory, it is perceived, nor all glory.

Lessons very instructive, however, are taught by history. And has not this veritable history some instruction for people?

In justice to the retreating parties, not thus far appearing to much advantage, it may be told, and ought to be told, that one had promised to be with them a fortnight ago; promised to bring an army with him of well-appointed men; promised to bring a train of artillery with him; promised, in fine, to bring his military skill to head their forces, and take command in chief.

Neglect of this promising was the prime cause of that previous unpleasant narrative, as well as of much more unpleasantness of a like nature.

Who, then, was the man?

Let his name have all the honour to which it is entitled. Let it be remembered for this business of retreating here, as well as anywhere else, that it deserves memory.

Who?

Lundy—Lietenant-Colonel Robert Lundy—was the man.

Near Lisburn, Sir Arthur saw bands hastening to the town. There was much uncertainty and trepidation. Rumour was busy, with more than her thousand tongues; but this time the tongues so far told the same story of the approach of the Popish army, that there was very small amount of coolness or confidence in that part.

As Leighton and Harrington told Sir Arthur, when he approached, to urge the onward march of such forces as could be mustered in the neighbourhood.

"I fear the men will not fight, Sir Arthur," said Leighton.

Sir Arthur Rawdon bit his lip. Here was a nice state of things, after all his care and exertions, and the Irish army fast advancing upon them.

"It is all Lundy's fault," said Harrington; "I much mistrust that man."

"No, no; there is more fault with ourselves," said Brown, coming up, and in the emergency, hesitating not to speak his mind.

"How so?" asked Rawdon.

"There was waiting and waiting, expecting and expecting, in place of getting all things in order, Sir Arthur."

"True enough," said Sir Arthur, shaking his head; "they would never listen to me when I urged more energy and hurry in arming."

"Some of the men here are well disposed to stand for it," said Harrington, "though there are white-livered fellows that are talking of taking protections from the Papists."

"Well, let those who will, follow me, and join Whitney, and Upton, and the rest. I, at any rate, will stick to the country, and stand by the Protestant cause to the last."

"Come, Brown," said Leighton, "let us see what we can do with these men; you know them better than I do."

"Harrington, will you come with me?" said Sir Arthur.

Harrington, of course, said "Yes," though he was half disposed to neglect his military duty for his duty in a certain other quarter.

More especially as fugitives, with wool-coloured faces, were hurrying into the town, and spreading dismay among the people.

For the cry of the fugitives, as they rushed along, was, "The army! the army!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMING AND GOING.

Rough and rugged, prickly and not very inviting, stood a whin bush, with scented blossoms out, and golden tips of blossoms coming out, and among them, here and there, a dry and withered pod of the seed that had not yet scattered about under the motive power of the sun-rays.

Behind the bush there was a hedge of budding hawthorn. Soft emerald leaves were coming out, leaves of that delightful soothing greenness, that gets dusted over and brown all too soon.

Between the whin bush, with the scented blossoms and the young green buds of the thorn, there was a shady and sheltered bit of bank, with here and there a mossy stone, and some long, withered remains of last year's

grass, among which fresh and spiky shoots were arising.

Among this grass the bright orange bill of the blackbird often sought for some edible thing in winter, for it was seldom frozen so hard, this bank, as many a spot else around. The whin, rough and rugged as it was, in its speary covering, kept stout guard over all under its protection, and let not the frost do deadly things against the bank beneath it.

Perhaps it was pleasant mĕmories that brought the blackbird there with its mate, and caused that snug nesting-place to be hid in among the defending ramifications of the bush with the green spearlets and golden bloom.

However this may have been, there is the nest, and four bluish spotted eggs resting upon not the softest sort of cushion, but one that has just the same adaptability to the bird that was found in the nest built long ago under the shade of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

There is the nest; and, see, she has found it. Pushing back carefully, at some risk of damage to her fingers, a part of the whin, and showing a plump and rounded arm, Annie is bending down over the warm nest and looking

with pleased sparkle of eye and happy smile at the delight of her childhood's years—the earliest found nest of the spring-time.

Pale, beside the rich golden yellow of the furze, is the flower that she holds in her hand, with fingers carefully turned away from the spiny branch, that the primrose blossom gathered at the root of the big grey stone, on the top of the bank, may not be damaged in any way till Jasper has seen it.

But there is the blackbird looking wistfully at the tree its nest is in.

Annie sees it, and smilingly prepares to let it back to keep the eggs snug and warm.

First she bends down to a furze blossom, whose perfume she seems not to like so well as that of the primrose; for, with slightest shake of the head, she leaves the former, and does not leave so soon the tender and delicate perfume of the dear little favourite flower, that ever and ever is gathered with pleasure as fresh as the spring, of which it is the modest messenger.

Then she gathers up her dress and is about to jump down off the bank, when rude and boisterous laughter, in front of the cottage, sends the blood into her face, and causes her

to stand in anxious uncertainty as to what she should do, and how she should get away unseen.

For, loud above others, was one voice that she could not mistake, coming with horrid distinctness after the rude laugh.

Well she knew it, and shuddered as there flashed on her brain the picture of yon past day of evil, under the hawthorn tree.

Oh! where was grandfather? And where was Jasper? Could she get to them? Could she hide? What—oh! what—*what* shall she do?

Stammering, drunken gibberish one half of the talk yonder, and the other half the uncouth lingo of the Irishry.

If there would be nothing worse than the talk——

But see! A shaggy, unkempt head peers round the corner, and sends out a yell that a savage would be half ashamed of.

And then there follows—yes, there is no mistake about it—the red face and evil eye of the lord of Williamfield, Shane O'Neil.

The maiden covers her face and runs—runs like a frightened partridge, with heart beating

fearfully—runs wildly, and with little wisdom of direction; only a great desire to get away—anywhere.

And does not get away.

For this kind of running does not conduce to escape. It is of too blind a nature to give hope of successful termination.

So, before very many paces had been taken, she was struggling once again in the arms of Shane O'Neil.

And there was a loud burst of brutal laughter from that party of soldiers of King James, who had accompanied their worthy officer as a guard of honour on his passing visit to Williamfield.

There were things said of brutal sort, too, which, fortunate for the maiden, were said in the native language of these savages.

So this mattered not so much to her.

But the language of acts is the same in all lands. Everybody understands that, whether written in white-light letters, or with a pencil of the charcoal of hell-fire!

As, verily, was Shane O'Neil's.

Poor struggling, gasping, half-fainting Annie!

There!

Take that, Shane O'Neil—and that! As much more as you like!

There is the old Cromwellian, with sword as old and trusty as himself, and with gun of better sort than too many of his late comrades, now scattered, could have procured.

But for dread of hurting Annie, the blow would have told on you to some purpose. As it is, you must let go.

Stare and scowl, and curse, and look around for your men!

They have gone! No; they return now, seeing that there is but one man against so many.

They return. And—have a care, Elijah; for the courage of your foe rises now, from the freezing point, up, and up, and up again!

Have a care! And, Annie, cling not so tightly, with released arms, round the old man. He will need all his powers, for——

"Oh!"

Yes; that pistol shot has done it. He is heavy in your arms now, Annie, and is falling.

Down—down—down he slides; and—bend over him, and speak to him. See! he tries to say something. His lips quiver. A faint

sound comes. Listen. Bend low—lower. It is—

"God—bless—thee—An—nie!"

And after that there comes a hard convulsive struggle and spasm of pain.

Then a laugh!—yes, there is no mistake about it—and——

Well, indeed, may you shudder and moan piteously, for he at your side has no pity. His grasp is again on your rounded arm; his breath is even now on your very cheek.

"Oh! grandfather, speak!"

No, Annie; not for long years to come. Bend over him; kiss him, in an agony of woe. Yes; that is blood—his life-blood. It trickles down on your hand, and comes up somehow into your eyes and brain.

And—more you see not, nor hear, Annie; but fall beside the brave old man, who has breathed his last prayer for you to that God whom so long he loved and so zealously sought to serve.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RECTOR OF DONAGHMORE.

NOBLE and manly in countenance and bearing is he who reins his horse, one day in March, at the door of a snug-looking and neatly thatched cottage, with its small windows clean and bright.

He has been travelling, you see, and has arrived at home. The horse knows this, and neighs loudly, having partaken of but little food since his master's departure from Derry.

At the sound of the neighing the house door is opened, and a pleasant looking lady hurries out to welcome the rider.

She is followed by a young man, who hastens to greet his father, and then to take his horse. And after, but not very long after, comes out a pretty maiden, for whom a kiss has been in store, and who is soon taking and giving in

that line, with her arm round the neck of the traveller.

"Well, Lucy," he says, "have you looked after mother?"

"She has, George, and been thinking much of father, too."

"Colonel Lundy declares that Dungannon cannot be defended," says the traveller, who is a Reverend George Walker, Rector of Donaghmore, near Dungannon; and who had done much to raise a regiment of true and worthy Protestants for the preservation of that town, and the safety of its inhabitants, some of whom were parishioners of his own, and the rest were high in heart and hope since the Prince of Orange had crossed the sea.

"And so all your trouble goes for nothing, George."

"I don't mind my trouble," said Mr. Walker, entering the house, "but much I fear that it is not well done to give up a place so well-provisioned and garrisoned; the more so, as Colonel Lundy himself approved of the design formerly."

"What will the people say?"

"I don't know, Isabella; but this I do know,

that, come what may, I shall not have act or part in deserting the Protestant people in such perilous case as they are, these days."

"Well done, father! I am glad you say so, because——"

"Because what, Lucy?"

"Because John Taylor was saying that it was likely you would go to England, and I said I knew you never would."

"Right, lass," said her father; adding, as he patted her head, "don't you think she is getting the image of her grandfather Maxwell, Isabella?"

"I can't say that I see the likeness," Mrs. Walker replied.

"That is strange, Isabella; to me, Lucy is just a girlish counterpart of your father, as I saw him last at Finnebrogue."

And then the traveller allowed himself to be divested of his coat, and gave his riding whip and hat to Lucy, who took them away, and put them in their usual place; while Mr. Walker sat down by the fire to talk to his lady of the troublous times that these were, and of the great need of strong faith in an Almighty Ruler, who held the things of earth in His hand, and

who never abandoned those who put their trust in Him.

Many a quiet and pleasant evening had this family of the Walkers spent together. They were fortunate in living among hearty Protestants, who were warm in their attachment to their clergyman, and who were cared for, not only in spiritual but in temporal things, by this Mr. George Walker.

Mr. Walker, as has been said, took interest in the temporal well-being of the people of Donaghmore. Bad way of getting their corn ground was there; and Mr. Walker, not being one of those persons who think the souls only, and not the bodies of people, worth caring for, got up, with Isabella his wife, a capital mill for the grinding of such corn as would suffice for the wants of Donaghmore and other places.

Ah! Mr. George Walker, fie, fie! you should have looked, with futurist eye, upon the race of clergymen to come. You should have seen, in anticipation, reverend white-chokered men, with fluent utterance of any amount of spiritual sentimentalities in the pulpit on the Sunday; and from that till the next Sunday walking with eyes away from green fields,

and hedge-rows, and corn-matters of their parishioners—who would ask, probably, in a dreamy way, if you talked of this corn-mill of yours, how you had time for such things, and if you did not find it interfere with your spirituality?

And that gun and sword of yours, Mr. George Walker. Oh! it is very shocking to see such weapons of carnal warfare in the habitation of one who should only deal with spiritual weapons.

Don't you know, Mr. Walker, you should have cut across to England or Scotland, and left the people to the mercy of James? What business has a clergyman to attempt to save the nation from Popery, and slavery, and arbitrary power?

No, no, Mr. Walker; that is a very foolish notion you have got about clergymen being men, and having rights of citizens, and being bound to stand by civil and religious liberty, and all that!

Of course it is admitted that a clergyman must know what is right, and be sure that Popery is wrong; perhaps be bound, in some sort, too, to drive it away. But he is only

to do this by standing in the pulpit and denouncing it.

If it won't run, but will come on with a civil sword, to take away civil rights, and to destroy liberty, the preacher is to leave the front, and be content with scarecrow pulpit demonstrations; nor to dream of opposing Popery on its high road to the taking of the crown that ought to belong to Christ.

Preachers will say, Mr. George Walker, that very guilty of heinous offence you have been, in daring to meddle with other than pulpit matters, even though it were to dispute the right of coronation of the Devil as World-King!

But, because disposed to disregard such censures, the 13th of April finds Mr. Walker riding towards Derry; riding rather hastily, too, as if the matter of Protestant life or death was something.

For he had heard tidings of the onward marching of the army of James Stuart. We don't call him king here, just at present. Not exactly in accordance with the fitness of things is it that there should be two kings of the country. And Mr. Walker's king, and the king of other decent people of that time, being

the one considerably to be preferred, and having been proclaimed in Derry, on the 20th of March, that one is recognised here as the rightful and true king.

Mr. Walker, entering Derry, meets Colonel Lundy.

"Well, Colonel, they are coming at last!"

"Who are coming?"

"The enemy."

"Nonsense, Mr. Walker, I don't believe it."

"Well, Colonel Lundy, my duty is done; I have ridden hither post-haste to warn you, and you will do well to stand on your guard."

"I agree with Mr. Walker," said Sir Arthur Rawdon, who had arrived from Coleraine with the Protestant army, and had come with them to Derry, the refuge city of the North.

"Call a council, then, if you like," said Lundy, huffishly; "it shall not be said that I neglected due precaution."

Sir Arthur Rawdon slightly raised his eyebrows. He was thinking of that retreat from Dromore and Hillsborough, and how it might possibly have been prevented.

The Council, however, was called. As the next day would be Sunday, it was determined

to put off the fighting till Monday; for which morning, at ten o'clock, all officers and soldiers, horse and foot, and all armed men whatsoever, that were able or willing to fight for their country and religion, were summoned to assemble and be ready to fight the enemy.

Till when, Mr. Walker returned to Lifford, believing in his own story that there was an enemy at hand. As there was, at Cladyford, all night, trying to get over; and not being able,—that Mr. George Walker and others being in the way, and very resolute to remain so.

This Lifford was where a certain password was arranged between Mr. Walker and Mr. Hamilton, which did good service in keeping up correspondence and baffling traitors, while fame was accruing to the names of Derry and Enniskillen.

But there is more to be done before these names become immortal. And more to be done before this brave old Walker, past seventy years now, writes his name on the hearts of all Protestants of Ireland for ever.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COUNCIL OF DERRY AND ITS CANNONS.

"WELL, Colonel Lundy, what do you think now of my tidings?" asked Walker, as Lundy gave the order for a flight from Cladyford to Derry, before James, on that Monday, the 15th of April.

"Oh! they have happened to turn out true,' replied Lundy, leading the way back to Derry.

Leading it back in all haste, and being foremost in that, at any rate; and once within the gates, crying,—

"Shut the gates! shut the gates! and let no one enter, on pain of death!"

And this Mr. George Walker and his regiment, not being in such a hurry to escape, and being somewhat disposed to fight even, were not within the gates in time,

and not with Lundy's desire ever would be within the gates.

So they had to lie outside Derry all night, exposed to the attacks of the enemy. This was to be set down to Lundy's account, already somewhat overdrawn as regards Protestantism.

Next day they got in, the sentinel getting choice of deaths in the matter—death problematical from Lundy, if Walker got in; and death certain from those outside if he did not get in. So the sentinel, seeing how things were, opened the gates, and Mr. Walker entered Derry.

And just about that time a vessel from England arrived in Lough Foyle, with two regiments, under Colonels Cunningham and Richards, sent to aid the Protestants of Ulster, according to the promise of King William. Three times Colonel Cunningham sent to Derry, with urgent message to Lundy. Their Majesties left the whole direction of matters to this Lundy, unfortunately. And he was somewhere about; not found till nine at night, at any rate.

On the 17th of April, even Governor Lundy

became sensible that some show of doing something must be made. So he called a council. He was great in calling councils. When anybody wants aid in cowardliness, let a council be called. Whenever a retreat is desired, call a council. Whenever there is too much danger that prompt action may save a cause which you pretend to care for, but really desire to betray, call a council. A council will always have more cautious men than men of action in it. A council will always support the man in chiefest authority, and take rank for wisdom. A council will put a prompt extinguisher upon your too sanguine men, your men of imagination, and will see ten thousand reasons why any given line of action is impossible; and concerning how not to do it, and why not to do it, will give the wisest, and the safest, and the solemnest advice!

At this council, thus called, the cause of the Derry Protestants was entirely unrepresented Lundy, of course, had everything his own way. Londonderry was utterly indefensible; there was not a week's provisions in the town; the enemy would soon possess the place, at any

rate, and so there was no use for fighting, no use for the two English regiments, no use for anything, except a surrender.

A surrender! Yes; James is to have Derry the next day. All the gentlemen have agreed upon this.

"Good God!" said Sir Arthur Rawdon, "what treachery! This is nothing less than betraying the Protestant cause!"

Walker had taken the tidings to the bedside of Sir Arthur Rawdon. Weak and utterly exhausted was that gallant gentleman, after the fatigue endured by him in the trenches at Portglenone.

"Oh! that I were myself again, Mr. Walker," he said; "but here I lie, useless and worn out, at this most important time!"

"God's will be done, Sir Arthur."

"Yet it is hard, very hard, Mr. Walker, to be wasting away here, when the glorious Protestant cause is in peril; it is hard not to be able to use one's sword, when nothing but the sword will rescue the Protestant interest from imminent danger."

"I, at any rate, hall stand by Derry to the last, Sir Arthur Rawdon; while I

have life, I will not leave this poor Protestant people."

Sir Arthur tossed uneasily on his bed. Then he stretched out his hand to Mr. Walker.

"The doctors say I would not be able to do anything, Mr. Walker; they say I am dying. Would to God I had been able to cast in my lot with you!"

"God's hand is heavily laid upon you, Sir Arthur; and it will be always cause of sorrow to you, no doubt, that you have to leave us at this hour."

"God knows it will! If this hand," said Sir Arthur, holding up an emaciated arm, "were able to wield a sword, I never should abandon Derry. But you will take my regiment, Mr. Walker; it could not be in better hands. The most of the men are County Down men, and true to King William."

When Walker appeared in the streets, soldiers and citizens gathered round him.

"Did you hear what the Council have determined on?" asked one.

"Lundy's a coward and traitor!" muttered another.

"He should be shot!" said a third.

"And serve him right!" added a fourth.

All Derry was in a state of frenzy. Here was vile treason about to hand them over to the foe. Here were the soldiers sent by the good King William to sail away again. It was easy enough now to see that this Lundy was a traitor all along. What was to be done? How could they get at him?

Stern countenances and clenched fists the men had who were gathered that evening in the streets of Derry.

Just then Captain Bell appeared with Lundy.

"Shoot him!" cried some one.

And it was done. Bell fell dead. Treason was thereby discouraged somewhat. It was rank mutiny, of course, this, and not at all reverencing one's betters. However, there were traitors about, and no great time for trying them. And those who were plotting to surrender Derry, treating with the Stuart, and getting, with all expedition, rid of Williamite oath and orange ribbon, did not, after all, deserve a better fate than to fill a traitor's grave.

Who traitorously left the gates open the night before James came within sight of Derry? Who lost the keys and sold the pass?

Was this by Lundy's order?

At any rate, as James comes within sight on the 18th, Lundy has his friends in council again.

"It is madness to talk of defending this place," said Lundy.

A messenger desires to speak with the Governor.

"Captain Adam Murray is coming here with a body of horse and foot," said the messenger.

"Send some to bid him halt," said Lundy, looking angry.

The messenger retires. One goes out to Captain Murray. Walker calls him aside as he prepares to depart.

"Tell Captain Murray," said Walker, "that the Council are about to make terms with the enemy, and are preparing to surrender the city."

The messenger delivered this message to Murray.

"Never!" cried the gallant officer; "on, men, to Derry!"

And Murray hastened to the town. Ship-quay-gate was guarded by that James Morrison who with a great gun had frightened Lord Antrim's Redshanks on the 7th of December.

"Welcome, Captain Murray," he said, as the gate swung open, and Murray and his men were greeted with the loud acclaim of the citizens and soldiers of Derry.

"What means this shouting?" asked Lundy, rising to look out.

Just then the door of the council-room flew open. In came Murray, unceremoniously.

"Leave the room, sir!" exclaimed Lundy, in a passion.

"What traitorous work is going on here?" was Murray's reply. "Is it true, you are preparing to betray the cause of their Majesties, and the Protestants of this kingdom?"

"Such insolence!" Lundy shouted, looking more like a detected criminal, however, than a brave and valiant soldier.

Bo—o—om!

"Good God! what are they at?" cried Lundy.

"Firing, it seems," replied Murray, drily.

And then there was a loud shout. All the town was out to see the army. There it was at Bishop's-gate, and there was the Popish King.

Derry citizens, who had been told the army was not to approach, and who knew the Council were debating the terms of surrender, not without reason suspected foul treachery.

James had been jauntily advancing, never doubting that the traitors had it all their own way, never doubting that the very name of a Stuart, and a king—even such a king—would open the gates, and take the town.

So a little surprised he was when there came that discharge of musketry and cannon from the ramparts of Derry.

"What—what—what!" he exclaimed.

Bo—o—om!

Down goes his aide-de-camp, Captain Troy, just by his side.

"They are firing at *me*—at *me*—at *me!*"

he exclaims, stepping back at each syllabic utterance, and getting as much afraid as it was possible for him to do, with any semblance of regard for that cast-off kingliness of his.

Yes, James Stuart,—and why not? A perjurer, and a destroyer of Protestants, what right have you to favour from the citizen-soldiers of Derry?

They know what is meant by the flag on Dublin Castle, with its "Now or never: now and for ever!"

And they accept the motto; and bid you, in God's name, try how the thing will go.

As for them, they are sober, resolute, God-fearing Protestants, most of them; and mean to get rid, as soon as possible, of all cowards and traitors. That is what they mean by gathering round Walker and Murray, James Stuart! You hear *that?*

Do your Irish and French friends understand it?

It is not what Lundy promised you should hear; and is not likely to be much in favour with the race hereafter.

Listen!

For, loud above the rattle of musketry, and above the roar of artillery, is heard peal on peal of a triumphant defiance; and those people mean what they say, James Stuart, when they shout out,—

"No Surrender!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANNIE AND CHARLOTTE.

THERE lay in a small room, on the ground-floor of a house not far from Bishop's-gate, one who was startled from slumber by the sound of the first discharge of fire-arms.

She awoke, and raised herself on her elbow, to listen; wondering what was going on, and who were firing the guns.

Just then, the door opened softly, as was natural, seeing there was an invalid in the room; but as was not very much matter, considering what was going on outside.

"I have come to tell you, Annie," said Charlotte Harrington, "that King James has come in sight, and that they have been firing at his army."

"Oh! Charlotte, this head of mine aches so! Will there be any more cannons going off?"

"I think there may be. They will not open the gates, and are mad at Lundy and the Council."

"Where's Jasper?"

This question was recognised as quite natural now, even by Charlotte Harrington.

"On the wall, with the rest, I believe."

"And will there—will there be firing from the other side?"

"I don't know; I suppose so."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Annie, and then she lay back on her pillow, with exhausted look, and great air of weariness about her.

"Shall I stay with you?" asked Charlotte, sitting down, as she said so, on the edge of the bed.

"Please do, Charlotte."

"I made Jasper tell me, last night, all about that story," said Charlotte.

"I am glad you did."

"Poor Annie! He was but just in time."

"But not in time to save dear, good grandfather," sobbed Annie.

"Oh! well your grandfather is far better off; there are no wars and fighting where he is."

Annie held out her hand to Charlotte. It was taken in a very friendly manner. For there was, after all, true woman's sympathy with sorrow in Charlotte Harrington. And besides, there was a half admitted consciousness that she had wronged Annie Wharton. It was done from love of Jasper, she told herself; but, still, perhaps, after all, it was not acting fairly by Annie.

And so, when Jasper rode up to the door, bearing Annie, in a state of helplessness, after all that sorrow, and that long fatiguing march to Derry, Charlotte was ready enough to give up her room to Annie, and, what is more, to give up to her some very considerable portion of the sympathies of her heart.

It may be thought that there is some inconsistency in this, after what has already been seen of Charlotte Harrington. Very likely, but who is entirely consistent? Who has not a better nature, and a worse? And who is not conscious of the ascendency sometimes of the one, and sometimes of the other?

Besides, who is not operated upon by external circumstances? Do not some people shine in prosperity, who would but make a

very poor appearance in adversity? And, on the other hand, do not some children of fortune fail to show their genuine virtues till fortune has left them, and evil days come?

More than this, who can truly read a woman's heart? Who will undertake to say that she is not most consistent when her conduct appears the very reverse? Who will pierce through hidden motives, and read the heart by the action of the hands?

May there not be a golden thread of labyrinthian sort, followed carefully and constantly on, through various mazy windings, that appear to exhibit, to outward seeing, the very acme of inconsistency; when the real life is just as true as the magnet to the polar star?

Be this as it may, no one could now take better care of Annie Wharton than did Charlotte Harrington. And, by "taking care," it is not meant that Jasper was rigorously excluded from the sick room.

Of course that would have been utter folly, after all that had happened; but it would have been some people's way of "taking care," not the less on that account.

So, in the evening, there was a knock at the door, and an invitation to enter given.

"What news, Jasper?" Charlotte said, and Annie looked.

"That scoundrel, Lundy, is hiding somewhere; he had better not be caught, I promise him."

"Who is Governor now, then?"

"Oh! we haven't got a Governor yet; but Murray will likely be, if he takes it."

"I suppose he'll make no objection."

"Well, I don't know. He says he'd rather be at the fighting part of the business."

"Why could they not appoint Sir Arthur Rawdon?"

"Poor fellow, he is dying, the doctor says; at any rate, he is so ill that he has left the town."

"Is there no one to fill Lundy's place?"

"God forbid!" said Jasper, emphatically.

"You know what I mean, Jasper," said Charlotte; "of course I mean as Governor."

"Never fear but we'll get some one. There's old Walker, an excellent and worthy man; and he has got Sir Arthur's regiment, too."

"What have you got that tied round your left arm for, Jasper?" asked Annie, somewhat anxiously. "Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? Oh! no, Annie; not at all; the white band is the mark of a 'No Surrender' man; all who stand by Murray have got it on."

"And you think they won't give up the town to the Papist army?"

"Give it up? Never, dear! We'll all die first; that you may be sure of!"

"What are the Council doing now?" asked Charlotte.

"Oh! they're all trying to wheedle Murray; they think if they get him over that the rest will be easy work. They had the impudence to send for the Presbyterian ministers, but they would not go, any of them, except your uncle Peter, Annie," said Jasper, slyly.

"Oh! Jasper; did he go?" asked Annie, with startled look, and a blush.

"Yes, he did."

Annie was almost ready to cry. She thought it very strange that her uncle should be on the temporizing side.

"Never mind, Annie; I'll tell you how it was. He didn't know what they wanted with him; and, as soon as he went, and found out, he was very angry—I never saw him so angry."

"I'm so glad!" said Annie, brightening up.

"That he was angry?"

"No, no; that he was not—not—"

"On King James's side," said Jasper, suggestively.

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"Oh! he's a True Blue; a real old Covenant man!"

Jasper jumped up.

"I must be off!" he said; "I'm to be at one of the gates, to-night; Murray won't trust any of Lundy's men. He's going to keep a sharp look-out, for fear of treachery."

"God bless you, Jasper!" said Annie, and lay down wearily on her pillow, as the door closed on him; thinking with throbbing heart how a bullet might come speeding through the air, that night, and rob her of the dearest of earthly treasures.

A cold, creeping shiver came over her, and

she covered up her eyes as if to keep out the vision of a grave.

Trust in God, Annie, and keep heart of hope. Anyway, love without life is better than life without love!

CHAPTER XXX.

MURRAY AND MAUMONT.

"I HAVE just a minute to say farewell," said Jasper Harrington, hurrying into the room on the morning of the 21st.

"Where are you going, Jasper?"

"Well, I don't know, Annie; there is some talk of making a sally to-day, as the Papists were planting their guns yesterday across the water, and now are said to be bringing a culverin close to the town."

"Weren't they trying to get Colonel Murray to surrender yesterday?" asked Charlotte.

"Ay were they. Lord Strabane offered him a thousand pounds, and a colonel's commission in James's army, if he could manage the thing."

"And what then?"

"Oh! we saw them busy planting guns

while Lord Strabane was talking to Murray, and so we bade him look out, for we would fire on him if he stayed there longer."

"I suppose you will go out with the party, if there is one," said Charlotte.

Jasper made a significant gesture, but said nothing. Annie was watching him. Not a word was said, however, to dissuade him, although one person in the room would fain have done so, under other circumstances. Jasper did not take as much thought of this as he would have done in quieter times, for his blood was up, so he hastily said,—

"God be with you, Annie; I must go; we must teach these rascals that we mean as we say, when we tell them that we will never deliver up the town, except to King William or Queen Mary."

"There is not to be much rest this Sabbath, it seems," said Annie, with a sigh, as the door closed.

"That is not the fault of our side, dear," said Charlotte, looking out, as shot after shot was heard coming into the town, and falling on the roofs of the houses around.

"I suppose not, but it's a pity."

"There are the people going to the Cathedral now," said Charlotte; "I think I'll go, Annie, if you wouldn't want anything."

"Oh! do go, Charlotte; I feel better to-day, and think I shall try and sit up."

And so Charlotte Harrington began to prepare for God's worship; taking down, one by one, from the pegs in the wall, the things she required, and arranging in order the invalid's things, that there might be no trouble on her part in getting them, if there was a need's be.

The bells of the cathedral were ringing their chimes. They were sounding out, solemn and clear, above all the noise of the camp and the din of war. They were calling together the worshippers of that God who had inspired the people with such trust and confidence in Him, that they felt assured He would work for the glory of His name, and give to them the victory.

And many a devout and earnest worshipper answered the call. Walker was there, not then as Governor, but as the minister of God. And Governor Baker, his brave colleague, was there; and Murray, and Mitchelburn, and Cairns, and Crofton, and Blair, and Ash, and

Taylor, and Saunderson, and Moore of Aughnacloy.

But Lundy was not there. He had stolen away the night before, with a faggot of sticks on his back. And with his faggot of sticks he passes away from among true men, infamy accruing to his name for ever.

And others, not of the Church of England, were worshipping in other parts of the city; but this was not because the cathedral was not shared with them, but because their turn of service there did not come so early in the day.

Miserable, indeed, would it have been, and much to be desired by the enemy, if the Protestants that were in Londonderry had forgotten their glorious common cause, and gone to contention with each other about non-essential ceremonial observances.

Miserable, indeed; and much doubt would there then have been of Derry ever becoming a name of immortal renown!

Antichrist's battalions have the unity of Death among them, and Christ's battalions must have the unity of Life. They may be regimented, with their different facings and

standards. But let them remember that this does not make them foes. Hell would forget, for a season, the dire infernality of its woe, and break forth into jubilant chorus, if there could be seen an internecine war in the army of the Faithful and True!

"They are frightening the whole town with that culverin," said Walker, as he and Murray left the cathedral together.

"We must give them a lesson, Walker," said Murray, laying his hand upon his sword, and making known his intention of heading a sally from the town against the besiegers.

"May I go, Colonel?" asked Jasper, coming up.

"Certainly, if you please; as many as are not on duty elsewhere may go," said Murray.

And some three hundred horse, and a large detachment of foot, followed Murray. The horse were divided into two squadrons, the first of which Murray himself led on.

"Here they come!" he said, riding forward towards the advancing foe.

On came the foe, charging gallantly. They were led by Maumont, and led well. Murray's blood was up. He singled out the opposing

chief, and sought to terminate the fight. They crossed swords, but the tide of war bore them far apart.

And now the besieged begin to waver—they pause—they retreat.

"On, men! follow me!" shouted Murray, rallying the scattered squadrons.

Again there is fierce onslaught made by far superior force, and again the Derry men waver before the foe.

"On men! No surrender!" cried Murray, and with an answering shout the Protestant cavalry followed him to the fight.

Down went many a soldier of France, and many a supporter of James.

But still the foe came on. Over the dead and dying they came, careless enough of their own dead, so that they gained the day.

And on with them came their leader.

"Ha! met again!" cried Murray. They close. With grim glance they scan each other, and strike.

Again the tide of war carries them apart—again the Protestant forces retreat—again Murray cheers them on, and dashes into the thickest of the fray.

Once more the French commander is before him.

"This time one or other must die!" says Murray, with shut teeth and determined resolve.

The shore was covered with the dead. The footprints of the horses were red pools of blood. And both armies, now intent on the fight of their leaders, stood apart to watch how the day would go.

A pistol-shot struck Murray's horse. If it went down, he was lost. But it did not; it gallantly bore up and on, as if its rider's spiri had got into it also.

Throwing away their pistols, they rode furiously at each other, sword in hand. The blows were well aimed, and were heard ringing on their armour by many an anxious listener, intent upon the deadly strife.

Fiercely they fight. Well and bravely they bear themselves in the fray, like true and gallant gentlemen. And now their swords fly inpieces; they fight awhile with fragmentary blade, and then seize their rapiers to bring to an end the combat.

Ha! he glances round. He wheels his horse

He would retreat. He is wounded. He will fall anon, unless he gains the tents beyond.

Too late!

Struck! Yes; that will do; there will be no more contest here. The blade has gone home; the blood comes gushing forth; the arm falls; the chief of France bends forward; he drops; he lies; he is dead!

And now, with angry shout, the Irish rush on again.

A portion of the Derry horse was near. Wearied somewhat, Murray sought to gain it. Seeing this, an Irish trooper raised his pistol, and was about to fire; when Harrington, leading a party, came up and struck him dead.

Almost surrounded were those few, and in imminent danger. Walker sees it, mounts a horse, rallies his men, and rescues gallant Murray; showing, in the fight, that he well could handle the sword as well as the Word.

And was it not for the Word, this fight? And was it any breach of the Holy Day? Was it not, rather, a work of as much necessity as taking ox or ass from the pit? More, somewhat, not a few will think.

For there would have been no preaching of

the Word, the vanquished being the victors. And there would have been no Sabbath to sanctify, the Stuart being king.

Therefore, the killing of two hundred foes, and the taking of three standards from their camp, was a worthy deed, well done, that day. The ten Protestants that fell in fight died not Sabbath-breakers.

They fought for the Sabbath and the Word, as on the Sabbath fought victoriously the guardians of the ark, under Joshua's lead, around the walls of Jericho.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CRIMSON BANNER.

"THEY have been busy last night, Governor," said Harrington, coming up to Walker, on the morning of the 6th of May.

"Doubtless they mean mischief, to-day," replied Walker; "I suppose Ramsay designed to surprise us."

"That battery of theirs, on Windmill Hill, will do harm, sir."

"Not long, Harrington."

"Last night, some of our fellows were jeering at the people in the trench, and offering to open the gates for them, if they felt inclined to try their fortune."

"It is wonderful the heart of our people," replied Walker, "nothing seems to daunt them."

"They have trust in their cause, and in their

commanders, sir," replied Harrington, with a smile.

"I believe so; well, it is four o'clock. We should be moving, if we mean to outwit Ramsay. I shall take ten men out of each company; and, by the blessing of God, the trenches will soon be cleared of the foe."

"Here's Governor Baker," said Harrington, as Baker joined the little group, then gathered near Ferry-quay gate.

"Well, Baker, are you ready?" asked Walker.

"Quite ready; but the men are not all here."

"Oh! they'll soon follow, when they see the gates opened."

"We had better be moving, then," said Baker, preparing to head a detachment from Bishop's-gate, which joined Walker's detachment outside the walls.

And then, with a loud hurrah, the Derry men dashed on the foe, and drove before them, helter-skelter, the Irish dragoons.

Harrington led on a party to the trenches, and, joining Dunbar and Bashford, soon drove out the enemy, and took possession of their trenches. Here there was hard fighting. The

Irish found themselves flanked; and, after a short struggle, thought good to run for it.

The Protestants pursued the foe. There was no time for loading. Seizing their guns by the barrels, and using them as clubs, the Derry men did wonderful execution in that somewhat unmilitary fashion.

In vain General Ramsay drew his sword, and threatened to kill the fugitives if they persisted in their disgraceful retreat. In vain he upbraided them with their cowardice in flying before a crowd of undisciplined rebels.

The rout was complete. Mortal man could not put courage in the foe.

"Surrender!" cried Harrington to Ramsay.

"Never!" was the reply.

"Then draw!"

Ramsay was brave. He, at least, wanted not in soldierly valour. He was a gallant and distinguished officer, although in the army of James.

But he felt deeply this retreat of his men, and was now unable to collect himself completely, or act with the coolness that alone could save him, in an encounter with an expert swordsman.

So Harrington, seizing his advantage, dealt him a mortal blow; and he fell on the field of fight, and soon breathed out his life.

As he fell, his pocket-book dropped out, and Harrington securing it, in the belief that something of importance might be found in it, handed it to Baker.

"Here is a letter from Hamilton; look at this, Walker," said Baker.

"'No Quarter!' Is that their game? Well, be it so!" exclaimed Mitchelburne, who had come up, with two stand of colours which he himself had captured.

"A warm half-hour's work, Governor!" gaily observed Campbell, joining the group.

"Where's Murray?" asked Walker, looking at Harrington.

"Foremost in pursuit, doubtless," said Michelburne; "I had enough to do to get him to use due caution."

"Murray is a right gallant fellow," Walker remarked; "his forbears, the Philiphaugh lairds, were always brave."

"As lions," said Campbell, with due regard for so gallant a Scottish race.

"One of them was at the Glasgow University,

when I was there," added Walker; "our Murray and he are like in face."

"Well, Murray; we were talking of you," said Baker, as the subject of their discourse came up with many a blood-stain on his sword.

"A good day's work!" was Murray's rejoinder, as he wiped the stains off his sword.

"Not less than a couple of hundred killed, and twice that number wounded," said Mitchelburne.

"Besides many prisoners—here's one!" said Baker, as Lord Netterville was brought up.

"Ha! who is this?" asked Walker, as another officer, badly wounded, was carried along.

"I know the face," said Harrington; "I saw him in the Castle, with the Lord Deputy."

"It is Will Talbot, his natural son," said Walker; "he is a colonel, I believe."

"Poor Douglas is killed," said Murray, moving towards the city, where the people were crowding the walls, to greet the victors on their return.

"And yet, thank God, our loss is very light," added Walker, as they entered the town.

"Mitchelburne's Bloody Flag flies proudly, as if it waved defiance to the foe," said Murray, looking up at the cathedral, where it floated out, on the steeple or tower.

"Better there than on the Royal Bastion," said Mitchelburne, "though either place would do well enough, for that matter."

"Ay," observed Walker, "either place will do, while true hearts are round it, and heaven above it."

And Walker, and Baker, and Murray, and Mitchelburne, and the other gallant leaders of the heroic defenders of Derry, were greeted, as they entered, with loud applauding shouts; for as yet there was no worse foe there than the one that had been vanquished in the fight, and as yet the hopes and hearts of the true and brave had not to wage a deadly strife with fever, and pale famine.

Therefore the crowds came out with merry hearts, and the fair ones of Derry sang cheerily the welcome of the victors.

Shining down on the throng was the sun, at noontide; and the arms were gleaming in it, that May day.

And its bright and pleasant rays lighted up

one happy face, as Jasper reached the walls, and was welcomed by Annie Wharton.

Who had come out to surprise him, and looked radiantly joyous; as if the chimes of bells that were ringing for the victory had been telling of a wedding, and not of a war.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

It is an evening in the middle of June. Many a heart, pent up in the beleaguered city, beats at the thought of past pleasant days, in country quiet, amid the joys and endearments of home.

Bomb-shells coming into the town had now become so common an occurrence, that the timidest women and the youngest children had learned to look at them almost unmoved, when they did not happen to alight in their immediate proximity, or tear down part of the house in which they dwelt.

And death had become so common an occurrence that it was not of very much disturbance to the living; who thought more of the famine and the fever that were creeping stealthily about the streets, rendering life a

burden, and death an ending of sorrow and pain.

On this evening, two girls were sitting together on part of a rafter that had been brought in for firewood. They were listening, apparently for the approach of some one.

Before them was a thin kind of meal gruel, and not very much of it, which they had ready, to appear as if they were eating, when any one came to the door.

With woman's tact and tenderness, they felt that it would please, if they seemed quite at home with that food; and they were prepared to prove satisfactorily—in any way except by eating it—that they enjoyed the salted horse-flesh and the tallow, as much as ever they enjoyed any food in their lives.

And, poor souls, there was little even of that food for them. The store, too, was lessening every day; and there would soon be an end of it, people said, unless there was some wonderful deliverance.

This was only in the middle of June. At which time the little garrison had lost a thousand men; but not lost heart, nor lost their cause.

Here comes Jasper Harrington, now, and another with him. This is Robert Walker, the Governor's son, who has come with Jasper to fetch home his sister Lucy, now busy at her supper, in company with Annie Wharton.

For these two had been friends for some time.

It had come about after that joyous bell-ringing; as Lucy had asked her father who the young girl was who looked so delicate, and determined, in sudden impulsive manner, to see her at another time.

Perhaps there was a mixture of motives in this.

She had often seen Captain Harrington with her brothers, and had spoken to him on several occasions. She began to like him; or, at any-rate, she began to feel interested in him. She asked her brothers whether he was brave in battle; and she heard delightedly, long after it happened, the story of his combat with Ramsay.

So she surprised Annie Wharton, one day, by coming in, and saying she was a daughter of Mr. Walker.

Charlotte was not there, but came in soon

after, from more than women's work, on the walls. For she had been serving ammunition in brave fashion, as many of the heroic women did, those troublous days; and sometimes tending, with active hands, the falling or the fallen.

Lucy had thought that Annie was a relation of Jasper's: and, when she found that she was not, she did not talk so much to Annie. Charlotte was the favourite then, and was talked to at a wonderful rate.

But, when Charlotte wasn't in, Lucy Walker did not go away; and, as this was often the case, she liked Annie better; and chatted away to her, with a pleasant tongue that it seemed as if nothing would make silent.

And often Jasper would come in, then; when the tongue would talk to him, as he listened with becoming attention to the Governor's daughter.

Though, truth to tell, he often wished that she would stay at home in the evenings, especially as he had now but brief opportunities of meeting Annie alone.

To-night she seemed determined not to go.

"Capital supper we have had, Captain Harrington!" she said, gaily.

"I hope you will have better soon."

"Do you think so?"

"I hope so."

"There are ever so many sail in the Lough," said Robert Walker.

"Are they friendly sail?"

"Oh! yes; some of King William's fleet, no doubt," Harrington answered.

For it was at Harrington that Lucy Walker looked, when asking the question.

"They are raising and lowering the flag on the steeple," said Charlotte Harrington, coming in; "I hope the ships will understand the signal."

"Doubtless they will, and come and help us," said Jasper.

"Come and let us go and see the ships," said Lucy, starting up, and preparing to go; then adding, "Will you come, Annie?"

"No."

"Why not? Are you afraid?"

Jasper flushed at this. Whether with annoyance of anger or shame could not be well decided.

"No."

"Well, why won't you come?"

"Because I don't wish to go."

And the others, except Charlotte, then left the room, to have a look at those numerous ships that King William had sent to relieve his faithful subjects, and to save them from famine and death.

The joy-bells were ringing. Eagerly the people were crowding the walls, to look away down the Foyle, at the white wings spread upon the wind. And there was dismay in the camp of the enemy. They were tearing off their red coats, in despair, and some were turning them inside out.

Turncoats they were, of a verity; and many followers they were to have, to all time. Coward hearts, whose attachment to any cause is money's worth, from a brass half-crown up, would consecrate this kind of thing and canonize it, and then worship it as something of divine nature.

But the joyful sound of the bells died away, and the crowd on the walls turned their pale despairing faces towards each other; and there were tears on many a

cheek, and there was woe in many a countenance.

For Kirke, in spite of all that had been done, and in spite of message sent, at risk of life by the gallant James Roch, had heartlessly departed from Derry, and was passing along down the Lough.

"God help us!" exclaimed Robert Walker, as he saw the fleet, one by one, dropping out of sight, and looked on the wan and wasted features of many a one who was to die, murdered by this act of Major-General Kirke.

Oh! it was a base and cruel act; and all this distance of time, and all that was to be said and done after, will never, to the world's last sunset, blot out the bloodstain upon that man's name and memory!

And, as the messengers of hope pass away, the shouts of the army of the tyrant are heard; and loud and long merriment they are making, at the dying of the hopes of Derry.

It was natural, Jasper thought, that Annie should be in tears, the next time he saw her, after this; and he did his best to speak such comfort as was possible.

Not much did Annie say, one way or the other; but there might have been, even at such a crisis as that, some different reason for the tears that were shed. However, she was glad that there was no need of explanation of the matter; and that public events, and that miserable disappointment endured by every one, was sufficient reason for other than woman's tears.

When Harrington left her, he went to see the gallant Baker, who was near his dying hour.

"Well, Harrington, not much use now," he said; "but Mitchelburne will take my place, and do bravely."

Harrington spoke a few words, cheerfully, as was best. Though, in truth, it was little possible to do so, at that time.

And Conrad de Rosen, the Frenchman, with fifteen hundred fresh troops, reached the camp of the enemy, a day or two after.

In an oath, too tremendously obscene and blasphemous to be written with ink, or looked upon by the eye, he swore that he would do unutterable things to the city, to the girls, to the very babies at the breast.

Then it was that that noble race, deserted by man, but strong in the faith of God, met the threats of De Rosen by the famous pronouncement that no one, on pain of death, was to whisper the word, "Surrender."

And then it was that, in the evenings, sitting still by the deserted hearths, and rocking to and fro the pale and wasted little ones, the eyes of the weary watchers lighted up with a strange joy, as they told how God was guarding the dear ones, and would not let the wicked men approach to hurt them; and that, every night, as the clock struck twelve, compassing the city by land and sea, was seen an Angel, riding a snow-white horse, and bearing in his right hand a flaming sword.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO THE MEMORY OF DE ROSEN.

SUNDAY was over, and Monday. July had come, and this Tuesday morning was its second day.

Watchers, here and there on the walls, thought it would be a pleasant sight to look upon when the sun shone upon the water, and the hills and the trees and the river banks came out in light to meet the morning; and that it would be a glad thing to walk out in the summer air, and breathe the freshness, listening the while to the carols of the lark, or the faint and infrequent calling of the wandering bird.

But yonder were the tents of the foe. Even then there came from them the sounds of life that were ominous of evil to many a heart in Derry.

And see! There is a proof of this life.

Darkly in the dawn there is coming on a moving mass. Derry is alert, and on the watch, and fires a shot or two to let this fact tell upon the foe.

But only a shot or two. For it is seen now that on to the walls are coming footsore and weary people. They halt, and look back, and throw up their arms piteously, as pikes in cruel hands drive them on.

And the sun is rising red over the Foyle, and the river, in the rays, is turned into blood.

In the sunlight there is seen streaming the long grey hairs of age, as it comes on with tottering steps towards the walls of the city. And yonder is a boy of three or four carried by a man, and his feet are bleeding and he is weary. And there is a young girl weeping bitterly, for there is little to cover her, and she has passed along amidst the taunts and jeers of ruffians. And over there is a woman who is not able to stir, though they bid her go on to the town, for she is weak, and fainting, and ill, and her new-born baby is dead beside her.

This was Conrad de Rosen's way of taking Londonderry for King James.

All the country round by Belfast and Charlemont, and on to Derry, was swept by the besom of destruction, and the Protestants driven under the walls.

The besieged were tauntingly told to relieve them, if they would not have the poor people die. At this time the people of Derry were eating dogs and cats and vermin, and thought themselves well off that they had good quantities of starch and dried hides. It was hard, therefore, that they could not feed the famishing crowd beyond the city. But one thing they could do, and they did it.

A gallows was hoisted high, to hang Lord Netterville and the twenty gentlemen; and Popish priests were invited to come in, with their holy anointing oil, to prepare the prisoners to die.

For there was a God in heaven, the people said; they supposed that this would be admitted. And as surely as there was, unless the thousands of poor Protestants were sent back to their homes, every Papist in the town would hang as high as Haman.

And the crowd. Did they beg for a place within the walls? Did they seek for some

sustenance from the defenders? Did they ask them to give up a useless contest, for that the foemen were mighty to slay?

There is nothing, they said, we would deplore so much as your pity. Pity us not; shelter us not; feed us not! And when they saw the weeping people on the walls, and when they feared that the gates were about to be unclosed to take them in, they went down on their knees imploringly, and said that there was just one favour that they desired, and that was that the besieged should gallantly hold on, and never, never, never surrender.

And then it was, in sight of them all, that the besieged once more, in the name of God, resolved that, come what would, they should fight it out to the last, and keep the Crimson Banner unsurrendered, for their own King William and Queen Mary.

And be not afraid, they said, that food will fail; for, at the worst, there are the Irishry. We will eat them, or even each other, rather than do the deed that is with us The Infamy.

Seeing, then, that a disgrace and a shame only wrought one failure the more, the Irish

chief or French Marshal-expectant, at the end of two miserable days, allowed the crowds of Protestants to leave the walls for their homes.

For their homes? Ay, that was the permission. But now there were no homes to go to. The considerate kindness of King James's soldiery had taken good care that nothing remained but here a roofless cottage, blackened and burning, and there a pile of stones and rubbish, to show where a Protestant had lived in June.

There was not even a hope of seeing home to most of them; for behind them, as they came to Derry, they had seen the red flame shooting up into the air, and had heard the crackling of the timber as it struggled with the fire and fell in the unequal fight.

All the hope they had was in Derry; and there they would not stay, because of the heroic resolve that made them elect to die by famine, or fever, or the swords of ruffians, rather than cause their brethren's hearts to faint through increase of burden in the heat of the day.

And the four thousand poor fugitives with-

out were not to have high heroism all to themselves.

There were fainting and feeble people in the city; famine-stricken and weary people; women who were useless for war, and men who were too old to fight. If they remained, they might live or die; if they departed, they were as likely to die as live. But in departing, they spared food for men—for the men who were fighting for their faith—for the heroes who were guarding their cause—for those valiant against the armies of the alien.

So they would go. And one tottered on towards the gate, and looked in love upon the guarded bastions to be left; and another was half carried through the streets, with eyes turned up in earnest gaze to the gallant flag that proudly waved above.

A mother passed, in tears, the home where her baby had died; and an old man with silver locks took one look more at the place where, after a hard day, they had carried his brave son dead.

And so, of these poor souls, five hundred went out to join the crowds, some of whom met Death upon their knees, as they knelt to

ask a blessing on the guardians of the Truth of God.

But Death had no need of stopping here and there to cull a flower, or seize a victim.

All along under the walls, white bodies of the dead lay in the sun. Bade to move homewards, they answered not, for they had gone home already, and were at rest, where the wicked would trouble them no more. When Moses was hid among the river reeds, his mother feared not her death from Pharaoh; and Herod, that killed the babes in Bethlehem, at least left to the mothers the sad memory of the dead.

Here little babe and mother lay side by side, here, and here, and here, and here, in ever so many cheerless places. Mother had looked with hope for baby's coming, now that the Good King was yonder, over the sea. Baby had come, and gone, and mother too; this one breath on earth, and all the rest in heaven for evermore.

And so all along. The roads, and the fields, and the ditches were where the dead died; the weak a mile or two nearer Derry, the strong a mile or two nearer Belfast.

Beyond Belfast, one was afterwards found who seemed to have been making for home. Some people, from near Lisburn, were sure they knew the face, but said it was so wasted and so weary. And there was sitting by the dead one, with the head tenderly pillowed on her knee, a strange weird creature, it was remembered, who never looked up from the dead face, except to wail woefully of some who were for ever lost, as of a sight that she for ever saw.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DELIVERANCE.

JULY was passing away, and still Derry was not relieved. Nearly half the garrison had died during the siege. Some five hundred had died, within a day or two. And there was scarcely an hour that some one, weak and fainting, did not retire to rest, never more to rise.

There was not a whole roof in the place. This much the cannon of James's army had achieved. And, here and there, smouldering ruins, and the remains of what had been houses, proclaimed that the shells thrown into the city had not been altogether without effect; at least upon the stones, the timber, and the tiles, if not upon the men.

And now there was in Derry this awful state

of things, that man and woman's food was a piece of a dead dog or a cat, or even a rat or mouse. What was suffered in those days, when horses' blood was a delicacy, and a bit of salted hide, perhaps garnished with a handful of chick-weed, gathered from the rotten thatch of some roof, was deemed fit to keep the life in those who were fighting the good fight, or wearing away in the weary siege?

With all this, those within were not inactive. One day, in a sally, three hundred men of the enemy were killed. Marvellous this is, considering. For, all along the line of attack, the Protestants were falling forward, with their own blows. So weak were they with want and disease, that the raising their right arms to strike, and striking, sent them down on their faces, as if dead.

But the spirit was still the same. A Charleton might, indeed, desert, devil-possessed, to the foe; and utter prostration of physical powers might make some apathetic and without hope. But it was confessed by those who had tried long in vain to enter Derry, that if the walls had been canvas, instead of stone, it never could be done.

So it came to the morning of Sunday, July the 28th. It is four o'clock, and there is light breaking in the east. It comes through shattered windows and tottering door-ways, and looks down into cellars, and on ruined resting-places of the dying and the dead.

It makes redder the red earth of the Cathedral grave-yard, where, under the Crimson Banner, hundreds were sleeping, in that still, unbroken slumber, that lasts through all the ages, till that grand morning that we look for, one day, when, from many a grave, under the sea, and on the shore, form of light will come to life, at the whisper of a Voice, and look up with bright smile, as they joyously say, "I will arise, and go to my Father."

There is a little cold white child, that has lingered in Derry, even till this morning; and gone away as the sun was coming. And here are men, who have been wearied with the night-watch, laying down their heads, to snatch an hour's sleep, and leaning against a fragment of what was a house. *These* poor women were proud, once, of their long flowing tresses, and the rosy bloom that tinged their cheeks; but, now, the tresses have been neglected for long,

and the eyes are dull and sunken, and not for many a day has there been the faintest colour of health on those wan faces.

The famine was sore in the city. And even of such food as was, only enough for two days remained.

Annie Wharton's last night's food was untasted, beside her. She would rather that Jasper had kept it for himself. And, indeed, it might be thought that there was not much in this. All there was, however, was just the difference between death and life.

Such a miserable, pale, wasted-looking thing as this girl now is. There she is, lying on her bed, in a leaden sort of stupor, wearily slumbering. Once there comes a smile over her face, as she dreams of a pleasant garden, with a cool stream running through it, and plenty of green shady trees, covered with rich, ripe fruit. An arm is stretched out to gather one of the apples; an arm that trembles with weakness, and is only bones and skin.

The arm trembles a little, among the imaginary leaves, and the fingers close over a dream-apple, eagerly. Then the hand falls down heavily on the bed, and the eyes open, and

Walker read emphatically these words of the evening Psalm :—

"*Though I walk in the midst of trouble, yet shalt Thou refresh me; Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand upon the furiousness of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me.*"

And then, the evening service over, the brave old cleric-colonel ascended the pulpit. For the time, his sword and crimson sash were laid aside, and he held in his hand the Bible.

Looking down at those poor wasted faces, and then looking up to God, he assured them that he felt within him a firm and steadfast faith that they should not be abandoned by the God they served and loved.

What a strange and wondrous story had theirs been, till that day! They had been encompassed by armies, twenty thousand strong, commanded by officers of gallantry and daring. Famine and pestilence had slain many; and some had perished in battle. But, above them, in that holy house of God, the Crimson Banner was floating still. For they had held out bravely, for the Protestant cause. And yet, it was not *they*—it was God Almighty. He was fighting for them; He was guarding them;

He would give them food; He would deliver them; their Jerusalem would never be forgotten, for His mercy endureth for ever!

And then, as he came down, and passed among the people wending their way slowly home, many a voice was heard praying for blessings on his head; and eyes, not of despair but of faith, were turned towards the waters of the Foyle.

For an hour the people linger on. The sun would soon set. Longing eyes watched every sunset, now; for many a poor soul felt, every evening, that to-morrow his or her sun might go down for ever.

One catches sight of something on the water.

"A ship! A ship!"

And there is straining of many an eye to see it, coming on.

"Another!"

Hearts beat hopefully.

"And another!"

All Derry is full of joy.

Yes, there are ships; four of them. On they come, gallantly, towards Culmore Fort. Cannon, from both sides of the river, play upon the ships, as they hold on their way;

by the stars of that Sabbath summer evening, that are coming serenely out, to look upon a scene as tearfully joyous as ever earth beheld, in all its centuries of years.

By ten at night, they have reached the town. And bonfires blaze upon the walls of Derry; and the night air is filled with the music of the chimes of bells; and high holyday is kept, by the city of the saved; and, from many a home, praying hearts rise heavenwards, in Hallelujahs to the King of Glory, the Lord of hosts.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

NOVEMBER, in general not the most cheerful of months, saw quietness, and peace in the homes of Ulster. As yet, indeed, King William's cause was not everywhere triumphant in Ireland. For Schomberg, the good old duke, had been unable to meet the foe in fight. Since his landing at Groomsport, in the County Down, on the 13th August, things had not gone well with him. Treason had broken out in his camp, at Dundalk among some French who had pretended to be Protestants; Du Plessis and five others had died for it, and more than two hundred were transported. And a deluge of rain had fallen, all through September. The grain in the fields was lying ungathered; and the corpses of those dying in hundreds were, by

the living, apathetically committed to the earth.

Henry Shales, Commissary-General, was the chief of those who were death-worthy in this matter. Food that moved with unnatural life; tents that came in shreds when handled; muskets so old and useless that they were dangerous only to those who used them;—these were the means provided for the conquest of Ireland by those who robbed the country, and starved or poisoned King William's army.

A brief and brilliant episode, indeed, had been supplied by the gallant Enniskilleners. While inaction and death were busy in the camp, one thousand of them, under Colonel Lloyd, routed five thousand Papists marching to Sligo; seven hundred of whom were left dead, and the chiefs of the party taken prisoners. The cannon of the camp thundered out in honour of the victory, and were answered by the ships of war in the lovely lough of Carlingford.

It was, however, of very great importance that Schomberg had been able to stay the onward march of the enemy. This he had done. The soldiers of James were, it is true, very

valiant in Dublin and elsewhere, but it was in emptying the coffins of the dead, in defacing the monuments, in having mass said in some of the churches, and in others in hanging up a black sheep in the pulpit, with before it some portion of the Bible.

Nine out of ten churches in Ireland were seized; and the congregations, in many of the others, were put in fear and terror of their lives. For the tories and the rapparees found congenial employment in entering them noisily, during divine service; in cursing at the minister, and in assaulting the women. Thus was exemplified the liberty of conscience that James designed to afford; and thus was satisfactorily shown the result of Popish ascendency.

So was revenged the loss of Ulster to James. And many a story of like import came, during the winter, to the head-quarters of Schomberg's army.

But, if there was quietness and peace in Ulster during November, what was going on in other places was not unnoticed nor forgotten.

Strange rumours had been afloat of things

there is nothing there but that nauseous morsel that Jasper brought, the night before.

A step is heard, and she tries to raise herself. She would meet Jasper, if possible, at the door. But it will not do; and she falls back upon the bed.

There is a knock at the door, responded to with a feeble "Come in!" and then Jasper enters. He comes with some boiled meal and water, as a rare delicacy, with greatest difficulty procured, to tempt back the lingering life that is almost on the threshold, departing.

She swallows it, and seems better, a little; and he holds the thin pale hand, and looks fondly into the sunken eyes.

"Dear Annie," he says.

Her lip quivers, and a tear rolls down.

She whispers,—

"Do you love me, Jasper?"

"Ever and always," was the reply.

And then she closes her eyes, as if content.

There is none to tend her, since Charlotte left the city, except Jasper. And he must go, now, to his post. For even Annie, that used to be so weak a thing, has often told him, of late, that he must never mind her, when he had

work to do, for that she could lie and pray for him, trusting in God.

And when the people were thronging to the cathedral, that evening, at the Governor's special desire, Annie's prayer was blended with the prayers of the poor persecuted, but not forsaken, ones, cast down but not destroyed.

Never did stranger congregation crowd a cathedral. Men who had fought and won battles came in with halting step, balancing themselves as they passed along, and sinking down wearily into their seats. And mothers and wives came in, many of them in tears, and some with little starving babies, that cried because there was no food.

The grand old Psalms of David, as they were read, caused many a tear to flow: telling, as they did, of the great wonders done by the Lord; of Israel's marvellous deliverance; of the Red Sea grave of Pharaoh's host; of trouble, and the un-forgetting God; of those who cried "Down with it, even to the ground;" of the daughter of Babylon wasted with misery; of worship towards God's holy temple; and of His changeless loving-kindness and truth.

Many a heart was strangely thrilled, as

amid the intensest anxiety on the part both of besiegers and besieged.

And see! there is the Crimson Banner slowly waving to and fro; as banner in hot battle might be supposed to wave, when held by enfeebled hands, and pressed upon by a relentless foe.

The "Dartmouth" frigate answers the signal, and sails on. She passes Culmore Fort gallantly. Then comes the "Mountjoy," the "Phœnix," and the "Jerusalem" cutter.

But the boom across the river? How shall it be passed? How could be broken that barrier, with its strong woodwork, fastened securely, and guarded by well-fortified defences of stone?

Browning, of the "Mountjoy," stands on deck. His lips are firmly set as he watches the banner waving slowly, and a tear is in his eye as he looks on his native city. He passes the "Dartmouth" quickly, and strikes the boom. It is broken; the water flows through; the parted timber floats aside with the current, and the passage is free.

But stay. The "Mountjoy" quivers with the shock. The narrow channel was just broad enough in its centre to let her pass freely on,

and she is out of the centre. She is on a bank. She has stranded; and her sails flap, uselessly, in the breeze.

Yells and shouts of triumph rise from the exultant foe. Again, and again, and again. They rush to their boats, shouting and cursing; and think of the death they shall deal to the deliverers.

That moment was as the bitterness of death in Derry. Each looked in the face of each and saw there features convulsed with spasms of agony, and livid as with that awful discolourment that comes in the last minutes of the dying.

The "Dartmouth" does gallantly now. Her guns pour their shot upon the batteries, and drive back the foe in dismay. Douglass, of the "Phœnix," sees the crisis, and passes the boom. Browning stands, with sword in hand, heading yet his crew, and gives the word to fire a broadside from the leeward guns. Alas! for the brave! That moment a bullet strikes him down, and he dies in the hour of glory.

His gallant ship rights herself now, clears the bank, and gains the channel; and they come on, and on, and on towards Derry, lighted

said to have been done by James's Dublin Parliament. It was not yet known for certain that two thousand four hundred and sixty-one persons, peers, prelates, baronets, knights, clergy, gentry, and yeomany, had been attainted, by name, as traitors; and all power of pardoning denied, even to their Popish king, after the last day of November. A proscription, which the Rome of Jupiter and the gods had never equalled in its worst days, had been carried out, by a Popish Parliament, and assented to by a Popish king. Something of this was learned by rumour; but no Protestant was allowed, on any account, to see the Act, till the day of pardon had passed by at least four months. And, lest any Protestant, unnamed, should appear to be omitted, and dream of security for property and life, a clause was added to this Act attainting everyone dwelling in any place in England, Scotland, or Ireland, which did not acknowledge James as king; and everyone who had written a letter, since the 1st August, 1688, to any person in favour of William.

Here was letter-writing punished with a vengeance! Hardly a Protestant in Ireland

had not a friend across the water; and not a Protestant who could use a pen but had contrived, by some means or other, to make known on the other side the desperate condition of the Protestants of Ireland.

Or, rather, *supposed* that he had made known their condition. For the letters had been intercepted; heaps of them were lying in secure and safe places; and every one of them condemned the writer to loss of property, and loss of life, as a rebel and traitor to James.

Death, too, was the penalty for purchasing silver and gold with the shillings and half-crowns made of the old chapel-bells and the cannon that were of little use in the siege of Derry. The Protestants were compelled to receive the brass money, in exchange for such goods as they had not yet been robbed of; but to attempt to buy anything with this same money, was an offence punished with imprisonment, at the very least.

"Why take away all our corn, when there is no scarcity in the kingdom?" asked a Protestant, in one of the coffee-houses in Dublin.

"Because," replied Sir Robert Parker, "we

mean to starve the one half of you, and hang the other half."

The Count of Avaux, French Ambassador in Ireland, with James, dreamt, all this time, of another Saint Bartholomew's Day. Something of the monkey and something of the fiend, this man would have dabbled in Protestant blood, and playfully made grimaces over many a creature turning into a corpse.

"Kill the Protestants!" he said to James, one day.

"I cannot be so cruel," replied James.

"There is nothing cruel in killing Protestants," answered Avaux, amazed that such an idea should ever have entered the head of the man who had lost a good deal in his time, and nothing from over-tenderness of heart.

At Lisburn, where Duke Schomberg had fixed his head-quarters, many a story was told of not the pleasantest import; and many a brow darkened, and eye flashed fire, at the tidings that came to the North, concerning the poor Protestants of those parts of Ireland which still called James Stuart king.

But in Ulster itself, as has been said, reigned quietness and peace.

And, not far from Duke Schomberg's head-quarters, there was one little cottage which began to wear something of the appearance it had before the Popish hordes made an irruption into Ulster.

The old sycamore tree was loath to part with its mottled leaves, and the sparrows were wont to come down among the straws that were scattered about, after the new roofing had been neatly put on the cottage.

And somebody stands at the cottage door, watching. She is pale, and somewhat thin, but pleasant and happy looking. This is the second evening she has been back to it, and things have got a wonderfully settled appearance, since she has been into every corner, putting things to rights.

But, is she alone? Does she live there by herself? Is she not afraid to run the risk of a solitary residence in a place with some unpleasant memories?

Well, till yester had day, shebeen living in Belfast with Mr. Peter Wharton. Mr. Peter Wharton had returned from England, just after the relief of Derry. He had, in fact, come over with the troops, and was a good deal

inclined to talk of the exertions he had made, after he left the Maiden City, to get the King and the Parliament to do something for the Protestants of Ireland.

But *now?* Is she alone, now? Does no one live with her, at the cottage? And what has become of Jasper?

Here he is, coming along, with a letter in his hand; and it is for him she has been waiting and watching. It is not the first time in her life she waited and watched for Jasper. Sometimes he didn't come. But he is here now.

"I've a letter from Leighton," he says, "and he thinks there is some hope that King William will come over, himself. He says they had grand doings in London, on the 5th of November, and he went to hear the Bishop of St. Asaph preach before the King and Queen."

And then, having said his say, and seeing a bright and pleasant face looking into his, and the prettiest little mouth turned up, just ever so little, he —— what did he do? Why this. He kissed his little wife.

For Annie had been his wife since the

3rd of September, and Mr. Peter Wharton had come home, just in time. Everybody agreed that there was no use waiting any longer. And so, the cottage had been prepared as soon as possible. And two people had come to it, to live there. Happier and more loving people did not live anywhere, in palace or cottage, than those who had passed through sorrow to joy, and stood, at the door of the cottage now, with Jasper's arm round Annie, her head leaning on his shoulder, and, shining high in heaven, the light of the Evening Star.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DELIVERER.

LEIGHTON was right. It was announced in London, in the spring, that King William would go to Ireland, and the Protestants of Ireland anxiously longed for his coming. Not a house in Antrim and Down that was in sight of the sea, but had eager watchers scanning every sail that glided along the blue waters of that beautiful bay which lies between Larne and the Copelands, and on whose shores, where the river Lagan runs into the sea, was built the rising town of Belfast.

All along the banks the trees were greening, and the merry birds were building in the hedges, or among the primroses at the roots of the thorns and whins. It was April, but William had not come. April passed into May, and the rail was calling in the spring

corn, while the cuckoo was alighting for a brief space on some old grey ash, or letting float away in its flight through the blue air a breath of melody that is sweeter and pleasanter far than many a voice of song. But May followed April, and sunny June came, and still the Protestants of Ireland were longing for the day when they should see, sailing the waters, that ship which had the Deliverer on board.

There was great joy in Down and Antrim on the 10th of June, for it was told everywhere that King William had come. Everywhere the hills were blazing with bonfires, and everywhere people said that now they were saved. But the night passed away, and in the morning it was found that the King was not in Ireland. The next day was Wednesday. Thursday came, and Friday, and as yet King William had not set foot on Irish soil.

The morning of Saturday passed away. Ships were seen in the lough. It was hoped William was in one of them; for if he did not land to-day, it was likely he would not land on Sunday. The 4th of November, 1688, fell on Sunday. It was William's birthday, and he had been married to the Princess Mary on

the 4th of November. It was believed that he would choose this day for touching the shores of England. But though the wind was favouring, sail had been slackened, and the morning was given up to God. Not till the next day did the Prince of Orange begin, at Torbay, the glorious onward progress which made the 5th of November a day that could never be forgotten, without danger to the realm of England and direst ingratitude to God.

And now the evening was coming. Loud shouts all along the Antrim shore told that William had landed at last. The cannon of Carrickfergus Castle thundered out a welcome as he stepped on shore there amid the acclaim of the people, scarcely less loud than the welcoming cannonade. William was on horseback at once, and off to inspect his army. There was, half way between Carrickfergus and Belfast, a solitary white house. The Dutch horse were here, and here had landed Solmes's Dutch Blues, some of the finest infantry in Europe. William's heart warmed at the sight of these troops. He knew he could depend upon them to the last, and upon the brave old man who met him at the white house, and now resigned

into the hands of his king the chief command of the Protestant army.

But even here William did not linger long. Belfast was to be reached, and he was anxious to be at his journey's end. He entered Belfast in some state. The magistrates had been long ready to meet him; there was no delay when he came; and as his carriage passed along, crowds of Protestants thronged the way and pressed forward to touch his hand, or even see with their eyes him of whom they shouted till the echo of the shout died away, to be again and again renewed, "God save the Protestant King!"

For at last the Deliverer had come. There was to be an end now of the double tyranny Life was to be given back to some claimed by the foe, and that life was to be henceforth free. Therefore it was that the stars grew pale with the fires that were lighted all along the hills of Antrim and Down. For peals of guns had told the story, and as the cannons ceased to thunder out the glad intelligence, hill after hill was crowned with a coronal of flame, and the night was made bright by the bonfires; and Ulster was as Goshen, where the people had

light in their dwellings, while a darkness that might be felt brooded over the rest of the land.

William rested on the Sabbath day. As was his wont, part of it was devoted to the worship of that God in whose superintending Providence he firmly believed, and all his life acted in the belief that God had chosen him for a great purpose, and would bless him in his efforts to uphold the Protestant religion. William was heroic and victorious; the first because of his faith, and the last, he believed, because he was had in the holy keeping of the Lord.

The King spent the day in Lord Donegal's noble mansion. Walking among the groves of ash in the gardens, his brow was marked by furrows of thought. Here he paced up and down a good while, with head bent somewhat forward, and sometimes stopping for a moment, as if to breathe freely the pure fresh air from the sea.

His officers stood in reverent attitude as he passed along, and when he entered the house, Duke Schomberg was there, with George Walker, the gallant hero of Derry. Walker, being in-

troduced by Schomberg, presented an address from the clergy of the Church of England, and among those Presbyterian clergymen who were assembled to do like honour to the king was the Reverend Mr. Peter Wharton.

As Walker retired, he met Harrington.

"Well, Captain Harrington," he said, "God has been pleased to hear our prayers, and send us, in our great need, a brave deliverer."

"Such was always your belief," replied Harrington, as they walked together.

"Always. Where are you now?"

"Living near Lisburn, till the King needs my sword again."

"Our Londonderry regiments will join him on the march; we must not be behind the gallant Enniskilleners," said Walker.

Jasper went home after this to tell Annie all about the King. For Annie was so very enthusiastic, that nothing but her present unfitness for journeying prevented her going in with Jasper to see his Majesty. As it was, she had a great longing to set her eyes on him, and Jasper was sorely puzzled what to do under the circumstances. On the morning of the 19th, he was at his wits' end, for she was

out of one crying fit into another, because she was not to see King William before he went on with the army. Very foolish little woman she was, if she could have helped it; but what if there are times when people cannot help crying and wishing for many impossible things?

Add to all this pleasant state of things, that Jasper was about to leave her and join the army, and the conclusion is come to, pretty certainly, that things were in a very uncomfortable state just then at the cottage, and that a very fair share of trouble had fallen to the lot of the young married couple.

"Annie, dear, try and quiet yourself," said Jasper, in great distress, as he sat with his wife upon his knee, her face hid on his shoulder.

"I c-c-c-an't h-h-h-help i-it, J-J-Jasper," sobbed Annie.

Making such a sobbing of it, in fact, that neither of them heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up to the door, till the window was darkened, and the door knocked at pretty smartly.

Annie slid down off Jasper's knee, and

blushed up to the roots of her hair, while Jasper went to the door.

"A bonfire, I see, has been burning here, and so I knew I might seek a drink within," said a voice.

"It is the King," said Jasper, entering, and then he returned with a bowl of milk, which was the best thing to be had.

"Oh! Jasper," whispered Annie, "if he would let me kiss his hand!"

Jasper hesitated, as was natural. His position was not at all improved by a second whisper, loud enough to reach King William,—

"Ask him if I may, Jasper?"

"Will your Majesty pardon my request," stammered Jasper, "which is indeed a bold one; but my wife has taken a longing to kiss your hand, and she seeks permission to do so?"

Annie came forward, blushing, as King William extended his hand; and knelt down, sobbing out blessings on the King, and prayers that God would preserve him.

"Do not kneel," said the King, "it may hurt you." And then he added, with a smile, as he rode away,—

"God bless you and the little one."

There was no more crying at the cottage, that day. In the evening, came Mr. Peter Wharton to sojourn there, during Jasper's absence; bringing with him one to stay with Annie, and do such needful things as might fall in course to be done. Mr. Peter Wharton was full of praises of the good King, who had that morning, before leaving Belfast, ordered money to be paid yearly, from the Customs, to those faithful Presbyterian ministers of Ulster who had been zealous and able supporters of the Protestant cause. It is needless to say that Mr. Peter found an audience, and applause.

Next morning, Jasper Harrington rode away, to join the King at Hillsborough. And here again was reacted the old timid counsel system. William was earnestly implored to be cautious. If there was much to gain, there was a great deal to lose. Would his Majesty not wait, and linger a little longer?

There had been enough delay, God knows; and King William thought so. For he said, somewhat angrily, in reply,—

"I did not come over to Ireland to let the grass grow under my feet!"

On Tuesday, the 24th, he was at Loughbrickland. His army was here to rendezvous. The men of Londonderry and Enniskillen were in high spirits, for now they were under the lead of their own King William. And William was a leader that all were proud of. He went everywhere, and examined everything. Yesterday, he had ridden away three miles beyond Newry, that he might reconnoitre the ground, and get tidings of the enemy. As the army of William advanced, passing Newry, Dundalk, and Ardee, the army of James retreated. The 29th of June fell on Sunday. In the camp of William, the worship of God was not forgotten. One text of the day was this:—

"*The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.*"

On the next day, at two in the morning, the army marched on; yonder, on Donore, is the position of James; and yonder are the hated flags of the Bourbon and the Stuart.

Strange was the joy in the army of the

Protestant King. Every heart beat high with hope; and men were as merry as if the morrow was to be their marriage day. Even William, as he looked upon the ranks where were Lauzun and Sarsfield, and Tyrconnel, and Hamilton, could not repress the exclamation,—

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen; if you escape me now, the fault will be mine."

Along the banks of the Boyne, King William rides. Sometimes he is not more than a couple of hundred feet from the foe. Brave men are with him as he rides along. Schomberg besought him not to risk his life. But William felt that his work was not yet done; and that till then death had no missive for him.

And now Oldbridge, with its few mud huts, is opposite. William dismounts, and sits down on the green grass. He had seen the foe, and would breakfast now.

Ha! the foe have seen him. For there goes a ball, whizzing along. William, in a moment, is on horseback. The ball has struck the horse of the Prince of Hesse.

"The poor Prince is killed!" said William.

Another shot! The King sinks down on

his horse's neck. A loud yell of delight rises, from the opposite bank. Count Solmes flings himself down on the ground, and bursts into tears. All through the Protestant army, men's hearts are very sad.

And, now, William shows his princely soul.

"There is no harm done," he says; "but the bullet came quite near enough."

As soon as the wound is dressed, he mounts his horse, and, amid thundering shouts of joy, rides round his army. For that army, there is rest to-day; at night, by the light of the torch, every soldier sees the King again; and to-morrow——.

Death, or glory!

Bright and cloudless rises the sun, on the first morning of July. Both armies are in motion with the dawn. By ten o'clock, near Drogheda, William in person heads the left wing of his army; the centre is commanded by Duke Schomberg; and the right wing by the Count, his son.

Down to the river, with drums beating, march the Blues, under Solmes. Then come Mitchelburne and the defenders of Derry, and

Wolsley and the men of Enniskillen. Caillemot and the Huguenots are there; and yonder go the English foot, and, on their left, the Danes are crossing.

Down to the Boyne water they go, with flying colours, and beating drums; and the music that cheers them is that famous "Lillibullero" that was whistled and sung by many a Protestant when orange flags and orange ribbons made gay the precincts of Whitehall.

And now, as they reach the centre of the river, the foe starts up, with wild shouts of defiance. Such shouts the Derry men had heard, when these hordes and their general surrounded the walls. That Hamilton now heads the cavalry; attacks Solmes's Blues; drives back the Danes; and falls on the Huguenots furiously. The gallant Caillemot falls and dies, crying, "On, on, my lads, to glory!" Schomberg sees that the crisis has come. Not a moment he delays; he passes the river; rallies the refugees; points to their persecutors; is surrounded; wounded by the Irish horse; rises; is shot by a random ball, fired by one of his men, and falls to rise no more.

And the brave old Walker dies beside him:

three days a bishop; and then a king for ever. But the Derry men dash on the foe. And the foe fling down their arms, and fly. Amid the dust and din, mingle the loud derisive groans, and shouts of laughter, with which, even in the thickest of the fight, the heroes of Derry, as victors of the Boyne, pursue the vanquished flying.

William was, for a moment, in danger. His horse stuck in the slime of the bank. He dismounted, to get him out. Harrington sprang forward to aid the King, and received his smiling thanks. Then the Protestant hero is everywhere. Now he draws his sword; leads on his men; and heads them as they follow the foe to Donore. Now he turns to the Enniskilleners, eagerly, with,—

"What will you do for me?"

"It is his Majesty!" said their Colonel.

And, with shouts of joy, and assurance of victory, the Enniskilleners follow William, riding on, with orange sash, and delighting the hearts of the victors of Newtownbutler, as he says,—

"Gentlemen, you shall be my guards to-day. I have heard much of you. Let me see something of you."

And now the foe are flying. James has lost the battle. Tyrconnel is in dismay. Richard Hamilton is taken. And, among the fifteen hundred of the Popish army slain, Jasper finds the dead body of Shane O'Neil.

The day is one of rejoicing to many a Protestant. Dark and dreary was the past. Now there is light and gladness. Victory has come; the truth has triumphed; and in this all plainly see "the right hand of the Lord."

At Williamfield, as the first of July returns, Jasper Harrington will take on his knee the baby born to-day, and will not forget to tell him the wondrous tale of Derry, and how the good King William prayed for a blessing on mother and little one, as he passed on his way to the fight that was fought, on the First of July, at the BOYNE.

THE END.

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